Thoughts for Graduation Day *Ronald Berman*

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—June 7, 1975, 50 cents

NEWSPAPER
BALDWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BEREA OHIO
44017

Have We Been Had?

Soviet Violations of the SALT Deal

Tad Szulc

Questioning Mayaguez—*John Osborne*

Introspective Atlanta—*Milton Viorst*

Fed Up With Arthur Burns—*Peter Schuck*

The Lady of the Castle—*John Hollander*

Denis Donoghue on Philip Roth's Essays

Peter Ognibene on Theodore H. White's Nixon

Clancy Sigal on Helen Lawrenson's Autobiography

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
June 7, 1975

Coping

Before going off to Europe President Ford chastised Congress for not doing anything about energy. Congress found it couldn't make up its mind on energy, so it took a 10-day holiday.

Congress lifted our hearts in the Watergate affair. It proceeded with fairness and dignity and exhibited a wealth of leadership, which surprised many. There was Sam Ervin, Peter Rodino and the rest of them. Suddenly people held up their heads and thought that maybe now, at last, Congress would be different.

But the 94th Congress, with a huge Democratic majority that promised the President and the nation last January that it would write a full-scale energy program, failed to act—just as earlier Congresses failed to act in response to earlier Presidents who took us into Vietnam. These Executives increased their imperial role with the acquiescence or silence of Congress, til Nixon rode his chariot off the cliff. Don't doubt it: there will be other problems to come, and other Congresses that will take a 10-day holiday rather than pass unpopular laws raising the price of oil and gasoline, and there will be other Nixons, too.

We sat beside a congressman the other day who had been invited to visit Cuba but who couldn't make up his mind. What would constituents think, he asked? We assured him that events are moving toward rapprochement with Cuba and that he might get credit for setting a trend. No, he said, some might applaud but others—probably more—would disapprove. He said nothing about having any curiosity or about the merit of the adventure; it was a business calculation by a cautious shopkeeper. The same approach gave Mr. Ford the energy problem.

There is a good deal to be said on the economic side against the Ford energy plan that will raise prices and increase inflation. And some Democratic leaders began beating their breasts at once. But why didn't they offer their own plan? Somebody in a democracy has to lead. We thought Mr. Ford made an effective presentation of a difficult problem in which he had to warn the nation to guard against an oil shortage when there seems to be plenty of oil. His unsmiling pale blue eyes looked straight out at you through the teleprompter and you saw the big jaw and the square head on a football frame as he ticked off figures. We wondered what kind of sparkle Jack Kennedy or Franklin Roosevelt, maybe, could have put into a speech like that; this one was as dull and direct as hitting a wedge with a sledgehammer till the log split. It was not the speech of a timid man; he delivered it without personal rancor, so far as we could judge; he held up the calendar and tore off the months of February, March, April and May to show how he had waited for Congress to act. It was a memorable scene, as he said, "I will not stand here idly by while the United States of America runs out of gas. The Congress cannot drift, dawdle and debate forever with America's future."

Democrats will make a mistake if they do not realize that Jerry Ford is a formidable political figure, and that dullness might be just what the country wants in 1976.

The deeper problem is whether the US can operate successfully with an 18th-century government in a world where change accelerates almost unimaginably. Cumbersome Congress can't even produce an energy package; it hasn't been able to write a tax reform law though it has been trying for years; it is stalemated on health insurance and other welfare measures. Yet now it is trying to keep its temper with an accidental President of another party in a world where domestic affairs more and more merge with international affairs, as illustrated by the current recession, which was caused in large part by a foreign oil cartel. Washington has had split political executive-legislative control before but now things are different because the consequences of even some minor disagreement may go echoing round the world.

The question is, does the US have wisdom to match its wealth? The world shrinks, populations catch up with resources, scientists teach man to reach the moon or blow himself up. Can America, with one-sixth of the world's population, continue to receive one-half of the world's income; and, if not, can it yield up its unique position gracefully?

These thoughts emerge as President Ford travels abroad. A certain amount of jealousy and recrimination against rich America is natural, of course, but part of it is due to other causes. Take the CIA for example; it is notorious around the world. No doubt Russia's GPU is up to the same dirty tricks but it is the CIA that is always cited. Did the CIA plot with mafia figures in 1961 to assassinate Cuba's Castro? Evidence is said to exist in FBI files documenting such allegations. As to the FBI, it seems that J. Edgar Hoover resorted to his own devices on the home front, writing anonymous letters purportedly from Communist organizations to organized crime groups, or to antiwar groups. What fun they had! It was only discontinued in 1971.

Or to shift to another field, here is Gulf Oil chairman Bob Dorsey telling a committee of Congress that his company contributed four million dollars to support South Korean dictator Park Chung Hee's ruling political party in violation of national laws. All the big American-based multinational corporations have to make contributions or pay bribes, witnesses tell the Senate. Chairman Dorsey wistfully says that maybe a US ban on such foreign contributions would help him resist such payments. Here again multinational corporations are coming to symbolize American imperialistic intrusion in some countries.

"Are you saying that our power is useless in the next quarter century?" columnist Bill Moyers asked Stanley Hoffmann, chairman of the Harvard Center for European studies, on TV.

"No. I'm saying that we'll have to learn to use it in very, very different ways, much more skillful ways," said the other. "And I'm saying something else also, that there are many situations in the world that we will find uncontrollable by us, even if we are very skillful."

One example of this might be South Korea, another dictator-client state to which the US might become as much of a hostage as we were to South Vietnam. We have 42,000 troops there, and Defense Secretary Schlesinger warns that, if attacked, they must strike—this time directly at the heart of the enemy, meaning presumably the cities. He does not rule out nuclear weapons.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 172, No. 23, Issue 3152, June 7, 1975. Note: Issue numbers 3129 (Dec. 28) and 3130 & 3131 (Jan. 4 & 11 combined) have been misnumbered. Published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, August 9, August 23) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 50¢; Yearly subscriptions, $17; foreign, $20; students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1975 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

Comment
1 Biting the Wrong Bullet, Show of Support
5 News Television Can't Cover—*Walter Pincus*
7 White House Watch: Mayaquez Questions —*John Osborne*
9 Black Mayor, White Power Structure —*Milton Viorst*
11 Soviet Violations of the SALT Deal: Have We Been Had?—*Tad Szulc*
15 Fed Up With Arthur Burns—*Peter H. Schuck*
18 What's Education Good For?—*Ronald Berman*
20 Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
21 Books—Reviews by *Denis Donoghue, Clancy Sigal, Peter J. Ognibene, Colman McCarthy, William Kennedy*
23 Poem—*John Hollander*
24 Fine Print—*Doris Grumbach*
24 Correspondence

The Staff

Chairman, Editorial Board—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Executive Editor—Walter Pincus
Literary Editor—Doris Grumbach
Senior Editor—John Osborne
Associate Editor—Eliot Marshall
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—Cherryl Holt
Contributing Editors:
Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer, Paul R. Wieck
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
West Coast Editor—Peter Barnes
Production Managers—Mary Henninger, Ilene Briggin Kahane
Assistant Production Manager—Ellen Cochran Hicks
Circulation Manager—Elizabeth A. Scanlan
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager—Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate—Leslie B. Seagrave
Advertising and Promotion—Beth W. Newburger
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Advertising Representative—
E. Laurence White
50 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017
(212) 986-6210

Biting the Wrong Bullet

President Ford believes he bit the bullet last February when he imposed by executive fiat a one-dollar tariff on foreign oil and urged Congress to enact a comprehensive energy plan he described in his State of the Union message. Using his executive authority again last week, Ford imposed a second one-dollar tariff, explaining that he'd prefer to get the same results through legislative channels, but because Congress wouldn't move fast enough he decided to act on his own. The President said he would use his executive power soon to begin phasing out price controls that make it possible for Americans to buy domestic oil at $5.25 a barrel rather than at the cartel price of $11 a barrel. The tariff increase alone will mean that petroleum will cost an extra three cents a gallon this year. According to the President, this bullet-biting will reduce the volume of foreign oil bought by Americans and thus reduce the country's vulnerability to an oil embargo. It also seems designed to show the rest of the world, particularly the Arab oil producing countries, that the United States means business.

The flaw in the program—aside from its autocratic quality—is that at great cost to the economy it may succeed in fooling no one but Americans. And even they should know that the US will continue to import roughly the same amount of oil for years to come, regardless of whether the price goes up or down. Why else have the oil companies invested so heavily in American supertankers and superports?

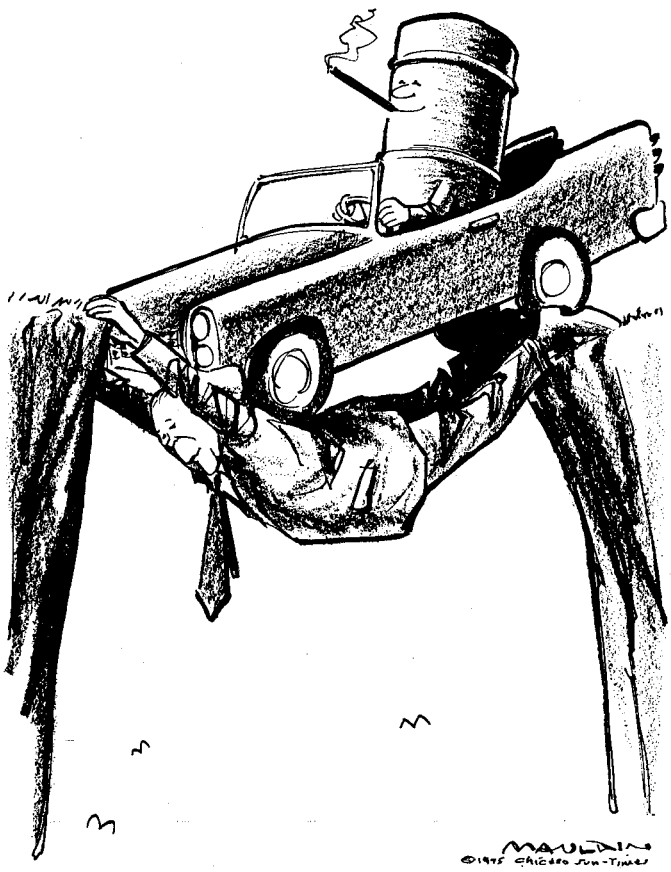
The fact sheet given out with the President's speech last week contained a table with some interesting predictions about future oil imports. It predicted that if nothing were done to discourage the use of foreign oil, the country would be importing about 7.6 million barrels of the stuff each day in 1977. The President's administrative action(the tariff and price decontrol) should cut the figure to 6.9 million barrels a day. The President's energy bill, in a wildly optimistic guess, was predicted to reduce it to 5.6 million barrels. Today we import 6.3 million. What the fact sheet didn't say is that Canada has begun to reduce shipments of oil and gas to the United States and will continue to cut back until all deliveries are stopped in 1982. The deficit will inevitably be made up with oil from the Persian Gulf and Venezuela—OPEC oil. Already in the first quarter of 1975 the amount of Arab oil imported by the US had increased over the last quarter of 1974, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saudi shipments alone were up 80,000 barrels a day.

Few congressmen quarrel with President Ford's goal of limiting dependence on OPEC oil, but they are not convinced that simply raising the price of oil will solve the problem. Although the President said in his speech last week that "Congress has done nothing," there are scores of energy bills now making their way through the committees that attempt to achieve Ford's objectives without putting so much of the burden on the lowly consumer. Only a few of these proposals will get serious attention, the most important being the House Ways and Means Committee bill that made it to the floor in mid-May. It was set aside during the Memorial Day recess, to be taken up again on June 9.

In the beginning the widest gap between the President's energy plan and congressional thinking was over the handling of oil imports. While the President wanted to raise prices to discourage consumption, the Ways and Means Committee decided that the government ought to set volumetric import limits and hold sealed-bid auctions for the right to import oil. If this system were used to cut back imports by the level that Ford would like to cut them back, it would create new shortages of oil. This, in turn, would require rationing. Because the committee didn't want to create a permanent rationing program, it wrote the import plan in a way that gives the President great flexibility, in effect asking him to reduce oil imports only when they aren't in demand. It's not much of a conservation plan. But the secret-bid auction might create new opportunities for competition, both in the United States and abroad.



Energy policy

There are important differences in the way the committee and the administration would handle gasoline and auto taxes. While the President would raise prices on all fuels by about the same amount, the committee bill would put a heavier tax on industrial fuels and on gasoline (beginning with a three-cent a gallon tax in 1976, rising to a 23-cent a gallon tax later). Tax credits would be given to every person using less than nine gallons of gas a week and to farmers, taxi drivers, truckers and others who use fuel in their trade.

As these tax schemes suggest, Congress is moving toward an energy plan that is more complex and more generous to consumers than the President's. It's doubtful, however, that either of these approaches will affect the fundamental problem in the oil market today: monopoly pricing. A truly effective cartel, as OPEC has become, is not shaken by normal economic pressures.

Show of Support

After the administration announced in late March that it would make a "total reassessment" of American policy in the Middle East, Congress awaited some sign that it would be included in the reassessing. It waited in vain, its participation limited to attending various briefings in which State Department aides—and sometimes the Secretary himself—gave discrepant accounts of the collapsed Kissinger talks. Meanwhile it came to appear as if the reassessment had been completed—and that the result of it all was that the United States would have to be less supportive of Israel, put more pressure on her, if the historic dispute between the Arabs and Israelis were to be resolved. The negotiating positions of the Arab governments were to be taken as given.

Two months after Dr. Kissinger came home from Aswan and Jerusalem to launch his projective post-mortem 76, of the 99 sitting US senators moved to force the administration's hush-hush evaluation into line with US popular opinion and often repeated congressional commitments to Israel. In a letter to President Ford, the senators insisted 1.) that American economic and military aid to Israel be continued at a level commensurate with that country's needs, and 2.) that in the absence of tangible Arab peace initiatives pressure not be put on Israel to withdraw to borders that make the war option more attractive to its Arab neighbors. The letter picked up on Ford's reproaches to Congress for "letting down" America's Vietnamese allies by reminding him that we need reliable and ideologically compatible friends such as we have in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Israel.

When Dr. Kissinger returned from the Middle East with everybody's hopes dashed, the Senate expressed bipartisan support for his efforts. Last month's letter to the President is not a repudiation of that support, but it does reflect deep insult at being excluded from deliberations over the one foreign policy problem area in which Congress has always expressed active interest. One cautious commentator suggested that the failure of the executive to consult the Senate on the *Mayaguez* incident added marginally to the number of signatories on the pro-Israel communication, or at minimum to their reasons for signing. Whether or not this is the case, the making of Middle East policy has become another aspect of the wider struggle of Congress to assert its constitutionally vested and politically mandated role in foreign affairs.

The prime motive, however, was to put the administration on notice that it cannot craft a policy in the Middle East that flouts the sentiments of the public and its representatives. If the President and the Secretary now feel, as their journalistic water boys hint, that the 76 senators have limited room for maneuver in the Ford-Sadat and Ford-Rabin talks, this is exactly what was intended. In a *Washington Post* column of May 26, Evans and Novak state their fears that when the President sees the Egyptian prime minister he will not be able to "deliver." But they do not say what he might want to deliver. In putting democratic fetters on the executive impulse to go it alone, the senators have restricted what the President can concede to Sadat and that's all to the good. It could not have been missed on so seasoned an observer of congressional arithmetic as the President that the Senate's letter had more support than any previous pro-Israel declaration, that its backers included every freshman senator, as well as most major senatorial doves.

It would be a great mistake nonetheless, if the Israelis were to take this unprecedented demonstration of commitment as *carte-blanche* backing for every detail of their policy. Nor should the Rabin government delude itself into thinking that, shored up by this general support, it can refrain from taking creative diplomatic steps on its own to test whether the impasse can be broken.

The Arabs, for their part, should understand that their big propaganda campaign in this country has earned them limited rewards, in the legislative branch at least, and that the oil weapon and the petrodollar may not be so potent as the apocalyptics predicted. (The decisions last week by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Harvard School of Public Health not to sign lush development contracts with Saudi Arabia because of its insistence on screening American Jews out of employment opportunities indicate in another way the stiffening American resistance to the blandishments of Arab wealth.) The good offices of the United States, and of Kissinger himself, remain central to the prospects of settlement; but the clarity of senatorial will should make the administration more than ordinarily reluctant to turn the security of Israel into a pawn of our oil diplomacy.

News Television Can't Cover

A resolution authorizing live radio and television broadcasting of House floor debates has been tied up for six weeks in the Rules Committee and the biggest losers have been the House itself, and the public. Two debates during the week of May 19 dramatize the point. On Monday and Tuesday of that week, the Department of Defense procurement authorization bill was on the floor. In the course of two days' debate, the pros and cons of a variety of defense issues were laid out side by side in a way that cannot occur in any other forum, save the Senate.

The bill, itself, authorizes the spending some $32 billion to buy new weapons and to begin or continue development of others. In the course of House Armed Services consideration of the administration's initial proposal, some cuts had been made—but nothing major. Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, Gen. George S. Brown, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and other Defense officials appeared earlier before the committee to defend their original requests. For the most part, when news of these appearances was printed in newspapers or carried on television, the stress was on either what the administration sought or on questions raised by critics—almost never were the two sides talking about the same thing at the same time.

The House floor debate, however, changed that. There, proponents and opponents debated specific issues as they came upon a series of amendments to the bill. Had radio and television been there, more of the public than the several hundred who came and went from the galleries could have had a quick education on key defense issues—troop strength abroad, the new ICBM reentry vehicle called MaRV and the B-1 bomber.

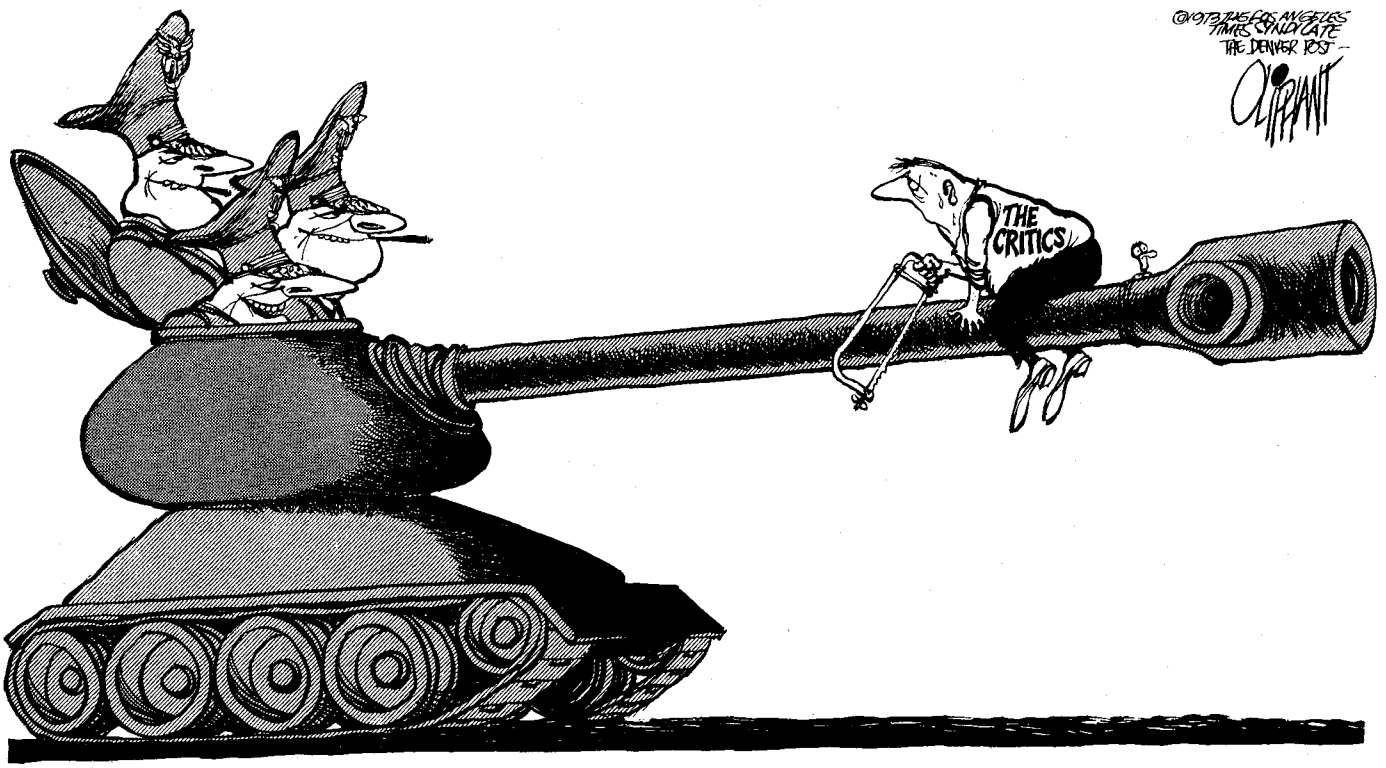
Rep. Ron Dellums and his staff have worked for a number of years analyzing US military troop strength overseas. As Dellums told his colleagues, he believes "the greatest waste in the military today is the huge excess of spending as a result of our overseas troop commitments." He argued that troop levels abroad have been set by the administration and foreign governments without any congressional control. Dellums ran down a list of non-NATO countries where US forces are stationed—23,000 in Thailand; 42,000 in South Korea; 16,000 in the Philippines; 5000 in Taiwan; 1000 in Bermuda; 3000 at Guantanamo in Cuba; 1000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Morocco; and 52,000 in Japan and Okinawa. In Korea Dellums said "the United States, also [has] 1000 tactical nuclear [weapons] and 54 nuclear-bomb carrying airplanes. My question is," he went on, "are we there to defend the South Koreans from a North Korean attack . . . ?" Defense Secretary Schlesinger had told him in committee questioning that "we cannot justify on military grounds the forward deployment of troops in South Korea. We are there to provide a political presence." To that Dellums asked "Why do we need 42,000 troops to provide a political presence? Why not 4200 or 420 or 42?"

Dellums is disliked by many House members, particularly conservatives. He often takes extreme positions. But his amendment to cut 70,000 troops sparked a debate that the public should have heard. Conservative Republicans and liberal Democrats disagreed with his proposal, but for differing reasons. Republican G. William Whitehurst pointed out that 100,000 fewer troops are in the Pacific area than there were before the Vietnam build-up. Democrat Teno Roncalio said he wished "we could quit supporting every two-bit dictatorship who frustrates freedom of speech" but added that "I just cannot believe that reducing our troop forces anywhere now would be in the best interests of democracy or the return of morality to our scene." Democratic Majority Leader Tip O'Neill noted he had offered an amendment similar to Dellums' last year. "I have changed my position after deep study into the problem as I see it." O'Neill then spoke of the trouble spots around the world and gave voice to questions that haunt him and his colleagues: "Has the policy we have had been wrong? Is it time to reassess? Do we want to allow Japan to arm herself? Do we want to encourage the Communists in those Far Eastern countries? What is our position?" Dellums' amendment lost but the public deserved to know such questions are being raised by leaders in Congress.

An amendment by Rep. Robert Leggett to halt the flight testing of the maneuvering reentry vehicle (MaRV), provided another reason for debate. Here the public would have discovered new information about development of an ICBM warhead by the US that would improve accuracy by 10 times over the MIRVs already operational. Where a MIRV warhead is expected to land within two-tenths of a mile of its target after traveling some 4000 miles, the new MaRV would land within two-one-hundreths of a mile. Leggett pointed out that such accuracy is not needed for a nuclear warhead when attacking "soft targets" like cities and airfields. It only would be useful "if we are going to attack hard missile silos . . . What is wrong with attacking silos?" he asked rhetorically. "The only reason for doing this is if we are going to conduct a first strike . . . We do not plan to do this." He proceeded then to argue against testing MaRV because that would only encourage the Soviets to work on a similar system which, in turn, would further push us to make additional refinements. Leggett's opponents stressed there was no reason to believe that US unilateral rejection of MaRV testing would halt the Soviets from doing their own. Rep. Thomas Downey, the 26-year-old Democrat, made one of the best presentations on Leggett's side by explaining how the US was ahead of the Soviets in MIRV and would not lose anything by not testing MaRV and thus, in effect tell the Russians



"Fire!!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"we do not want this technology to reap a harvest of destruction on us as it ultimately might." Downey disclosed that Ambassador Alexis Johnson had raised the question of MaRV in SALT talks. In a brief but pointed debate with GOP Minority Leader John Rhodes, the youthful Downey pointed out the Soviets were phasing out the SS-9 missile with its giant 25-ton warhead "because it is obsolete" and that, because US weapons are more accurate, "if anyone is close to a first strike capability, we are." Leggett's amendment lost too, but not before the debate had spelled out both the implications of MIRV development and the ultimate one billion dollar development cost.

The defense authorization debate would have offered the listening and viewing public an opportunity to gain insight into the role the House plays in the governmental process. On Wednesday May 21 a debate over increasing members' staff allocations and House perquisites would have given the public a view of the House dealing with its own problems. The issue was simple. An amendment was presented to cut out earlier approved increases in the amount of funds available to hire individual members' staff (which would permit each congressman 18 employees); an allowance of House funds for mailing out two newsletters per year; an increase in travel funds to permit 32 trips a year back to home districts rather than 21; and a noncontroversial change in the manner in which phone charges are handled.

This was not an example of greedy old congressmen seeking to make their lives easier; the debate showed that the proposed increases had originated with newly elected members who had found it difficult to meet the expenses of their newly won offices. Rep. George Miller, chairman of a Democratic freshmen's group defended the increases saying "I think that it is about time we consider ourselves professionals and that we quit apologizing for our seats in this House . . . I need those trips. I think other West Coast members need those trips. We as members of the freshman class have sought to make this a more active body. We have sought to go home and say, 'What do you want us to do? Where do you think we are wrong?'" Rep. Edward Koch told how his net worth had declined $600 during the nine years in the House and Rep. William F. Goodling added, "I could not do it [serve in Congress] if my wife were not working."

The debate also showed the brutal debating techniques of Rep. Wayne Hays, chairman of the House Administration Committee, which approved the increases in the first place. When Republicans opposed the moves, citing cost, Hays threatened to save money by cutting staffs of GOP members, adding "I've got the votes to do it." When Republican Rep. Millicent Fenwick tried to get the microphone, Hays said, "And as for that woman from New Jersey wanting to talk, I'll have something to say about her when she's through." He did. Hays later spoke sarcastically of people who have five million dollars who oppose funds to help those without wealth to stay in office. Radio and television coverage would have caught that. History, as reflected in the *Congressional Record*, won't, because Hays had deleted from the printed record his harshest remarks.

The week of June 2 the Senate begins its debate on the defense authorization bill and the public could have a second opportunity to see key policies discussed. Liberal and conservative senators including Kennedy, Goldwater, Thurmond, Mathias, Stevenson, Jackson, Humphrey, Cranston, Brooke and Church have agreed to participate. Dropping the normal pattern of long-winded speeches, the June defense debate is to be impromptu with broad topics scheduled for specific times. Thus Goldwater, Kennedy, Mathias and Stennis may—if it works out—debate post-Vietnam military policies after Vietnam on Monday, June 2.

Will the public see or hear any of this or the four days of discussion that are to follow? Just the ones lucky enough to get into the Senate gallery because although a broadcasting resolution—similar to the one in the House—has been introduced in the Senate, it, too, is languishing in committee.

If Congress is to have a legitimate place in government and the public is to have its sense of participation restored, one step that must be taken—sooner rather than later—is opening up of floor debates to broadcasting coverage. No one expects that live television coverage will ensue. The nightly network news programs would have excerpts available and both commercial and public broadcasters would be able to take larger chunks for documentaries. Print journalists can recap Congress but only radio and television can provide the mass coverage now needed.

Walter Pincus

White House Watch

Mayaguez Questions

Between 6 and 7 am of Monday, May 12, the tendency among the few officials at the White House and the Departments of State and Defense who had seen or been told about a message that had been received in the dawn hours from the US Embassy in Jakarta was to suspect that it reported a hoax. The message was that fragmentary radio signals purporting to be from the American cargo ship *Mayaguez*, on the way from Hongkong to the Thai port of Sattahip, reported that it had been boarded on the high seas and seized by armed Cambodians at about 2 am, Washington time. Assistant Secretary Joseph Laitin, the Defense Department's chief spokesman, was shown a copy of the embassy message when he arrived at his Pentagon office at 7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

o'clock. He assumed but didn't bother to check that Secretary James R. Schlesinger reached his office and saw a copy at about the same time. Laitin recommended in a memo to Schlesinger that nothing be said or done about the reported seizure until it was verified. Schlesinger, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and President Ford had not been awakened by overnight duty officers, as they would have been if so serious a report had been wholly believed when it was received.

Lieut. Gen. Brent Scowcroft, the deputy assistant for national security affairs, told Mr. Ford about the message at 7:40 am, during the intelligence briefing that Scowcroft routinely gives the President each morning. Kissinger learned of it a little later, at the senior NSC staff meeting that he convenes at 8 am at the White House when he is in Washington. By then or shortly afterward, a US reconnaissance plane, presumably from Thailand, had sighted the *Mayaguez* and verified that it was indeed in enemy possession, apparently proceeding toward the Cambodian port of Kompong Som, about 60 miles from where it had been seized. Kissinger thereupon set in train the arrangements for the first of a series of NSC meetings with the President. Reporters knew nothing about the seizure and Press Secretary Ronald Nessen didn't mention it during his regular White House briefing session, which on this day ran from 11:30 am to 12:30 pm and was devoted in part to a heated argument between Nessen and some of the journalists over whether the Ford White House is really as "open" as it's claimed to be. It's not. The word from NSC quarters was that in this instance Nessen was not deliberately withholding information. It appears that neither Scowcroft, Kissinger, nor the President told Nessen about the seizure until just before 1:50 pm, when he called an unusual second briefing and read a statement: "We have been informed that a Cambodian naval vessel has seized an American merchant ship on the high seas and forced it to the port of Kompong Som. The President has met with the NSC. He considers this seizure an act of piracy. He has instructed the State Department to demand the immediate release of the ship. Failure to do so would have the most serious consequences."

This statement contained the first two of a succession of flaws, petty and major, that marred the subsequent American performance and continued for quite a while after the President announced the recovery of the ship and its crew of 38 at 12:27 am, on Thursday, May 15, Washington time. The *Mayaguez* had not been "forced . . . to the port of Kompong Som"; it was moored off Koh Tang (Tang Island), a small, rocky and wooded islet about 30 miles from where it had been seized and also about 30 miles from Kompong Som. The seizure was not "an act of piracy," though the President doubtless thought of it in that fashion. Piracy is a private act; this was the act of the newly Communized government of Cambodia. This said, let the following also be said. In my opinion the President in ordering the use of armed force and personnel to recover the ship and crew acted properly, legally, courageously, and as necessity required. The flaws were mostly inevitable in so confused a situation. The questions that were raised by reporters who covered the affair and queried officials at the White House, the Defense Department and the State Department were for the most part proper questions. But the manner and tone rather than the thrust of some of the questions and of some of the comment by journalistic thumb-suckers who were nowhere near the scenes of action and decision were in my opinion a disgrace to journalism and to the journalists concerned. All too often at the White House, and from what I heard and read of the press proceedings at the Defense and State departments, I got the impression that some of the reporters would have been happy if the *Mayaguez* affair had proved to be an unmitigated disaster rather than a flawed success for the United States. Watergate, the recent and now total collapse of American policy and position in Indochina, and the repercussions in the rest of Southeast Asia and throughout the world, including the Middle East, have created a deep and seemingly insatiable media appetite for disaster and official victims. Journalists and politicians, whatever their ideology, don't have to be jingoists and "yahoos"—as Anthony Lewis of *The New York Times* called people who applauded Mr. Ford's handling of the *Mayaguez* affair—in order to perceive some good and gain in it.

One of the flaws was indeed disturbing, avoidable, and to be deplored. Henry Kissinger (in his guise as the quotable "senior official aboard" the plane that took him and a small press contingent to Vienna on May 18, in advance of Mr. Ford's first presidential visit to Europe) confirmed reports that B-52 bombers had been alerted, loaded with bombs, and ordered onto runways at Guam, with crews standing by for retaliatory raids on Cambodia. The conveyed impression, believable but not verified to my satisfaction at this writing, is that Kissinger and the President favored and would have ordered the raids if the carrier *Coral Sea*, along with the marines who were choppered onto Koh Tang and who boarded the *Mayaguez* from a US destroyer, had not arrived in the area in time to prevent the removal of the ship to the Cambodian mainland. To his immense credit James Schlesinger argued strongly against the use of B-52s in any circumstances, partly because of predictable domestic and world reaction and partly because heavy bombing would almost certainly have worsened rather than bettered the lot of the *Mayaguez* crewmen. The claque of White House assistants who continue to use every available occasion to further the notion that the President is deliberately downgrading Henry Kissinger and anyone else, in this stance Schlesinger, who may compete with Mr. Ford for media credit in foreign polity matters, put about the fabrication that the President insisted upon a higher level and greater

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

variety of force than Schlesinger thought necessary. I'm told and believe that, once the B-52 issue was resolved, Schlesinger approved the force that was used in the bombing of Koh Tang, an airfield and an oil refinery near Kompong Som, and at least three Cambodian gunboats, and in the attempts to interdict naval and fishing vessels that could have been—and in one instance were—used to remove the captured crewmen to the mainland.

A legitimate question of law and the President's adherence to or violation of it was also raised. Anthony Lewis and Raoul Berger, a Harvard law professor who for years has construed any President's constitutional authority at the absolute minimum, were among those who said that Mr. Ford had violated both the law and constitutional limitations and that the majority of congressmen, Republican and Democratic, who applauded him blindly and supinely ignored the legal realities. This is fundamentally a political question, one that a journalist is entitled to judge. My opinion is that Mr. Ford skillfully and adequately complied with the War Powers Act of 1973, a statute that President Nixon vainly vetoed in the belief that it would paralyze all Presidents. The narrower August 1973 prohibition of the further use of US military force in, over and off the shores of Indochina presents a different problem. A review of the debate that preceded passage of that limitation demonstrates that Congress never intended it to forbid the sort of restricted police action that Mr. Ford took in the *Mayaguez* affair. B-52 retaliation might have been a gross violation, but that did not occur. Related arguments that the *Mayaguez* may indeed have been in Cambodia's territorial waters and therefore subject to seizure are nonsense. Even if a claim of territoriality within 12 miles of tiny offshore rocks is accepted, there is no evidence whatever that the *Mayaguez* was not exercising the internationally recognized right of innocent passage.

Finally, there is a question whether the administration purposely withheld, delayed and falsified casualty figures in order to sustain as long as possible the general glow that followed the recovery of the ship and crew. Communications that were so good that a pilot who was about to strafe a Cambodian boat could be ordered by radio to abstain in time to save the vessel and its occupants make it hard to understand why it took nine days to bring the announced total from one dead, a few others missing and between 70 and 80 wounded up to five and finally 15 dead and down to 50 wounded. The exclusion from the acknowledged total of 19 air force policemen and four chopper crewmen who were killed in a crash in Thailand, during a preliminary concentration of some 100 air police who were not used in the actual operation, is inexcusable. Nevertheless I buy the administration claim that no intentional deception was involved.

John Osborne

Black Mayor, White Power Structure

Atlanta

Mayor Maynard Jackson says he's tired of being interviewed for "whither Atlanta" stories, and you can't really blame him. They've replaced Hank Aaron's home run record as the newspapers' principal preoccupation. After a decade of virtually unrelieved boosterism, Atlanta is moving into a period of introspection. Everyone recognizes that the city is in transition, and many are apprehensive about how it will emerge.

Most apprehensive, naturally, are the folks who willingly accept the designation "power structure," the bankers and corporate executives who have made the decisions that have determined Atlanta's course for as long as anyone remembers. This is no commercial mafia, sucking blood in the shadows. These are honorable men, proud of having conducted themselves with enlightened self-interest. They are almost unique in America in their rejection of the native robber-baron tradition in favor of the *noblesse oblige* tradition of Disraeli. In recent years they not only accepted but promoted racial integration, the black vote, the antipoverty program. They have been rewarded by a level of social tranquility, even of racial harmony, that surpasses the record of any city in the South. The payoff has been an absence of distraction from the pursuit of economic growth and of money-making generally. Now these men, in their "whither Atlanta" ruminations, are beginning to wonder whether they made a strategic mistake.

What bothers them is not that the city has a black mayor. The white power structure is not hung up on Maynard Jackson's symbolism in the social order. In fact, dissatisfied with the rather knavish Jew who had somehow acquired the mayoralty in 1969, these men anted up a huge amount of money to finance Jackson's election campaign. They didn't know Maynard Jackson very well, but assumed because he descended from the black aristocracy, which for nearly a generation had helped them keep the rednecks at bay, that he would be safe. What they failed to foresee was that, as the first black mayor, Jackson would have other constituencies besides theirs to please. It's not that Jackson is indifferent to their financial worries; it is, rather, that he has other groups whose concerns sometimes take priority.

Not all of those hectic groups are black, which is itself a source of dismay to the power structure. Living in an uneasy alliance with the black elite has been tough enough; having respectable whites challenge the given word is effrontery. But that is exactly what happened. The power structure desperately wanted to build a series of expressways leading from the white suburbs into downtown. On issues of this sort in the past it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could expect a few audible murmurs of discontent from the black poor, but it could deal with them. This time middle-income whites, whose neighborhoods were being torn up, proved to be much more formidable. The highway battle generated new political consciousness among middle-income whites, and a string of neighborhood political organizations. Jackson took a strong stand against the expressways, and the white neighborhood organizations reciprocated by supporting him. They not only helped elect him but won important seats of their own on the city council. The outcome of the fight was a crushing defeat for the expressways; more important, it isolated the power structure from a large white constituency that was accustomed to following its lead. The lesson for Maynard Jackson was obvious: there was more than one group of white folks who required his attention.

Meanwhile the old alliance between the power structure and Atlanta's blacks was falling on hard times. It was an alliance based, in large measure, on the presence in the city of a small community of black businessmen and professionals, many of them the product of the local black colleges, who had bourgeois aspirations and political skills. Their influence acquired some meaning when blacks, after the Supreme Court began dismantling voting barriers during the World War II era, started to vote in important numbers. By the 1950s black voters provided the margin of victory in the ongoing political struggle between middle-class and redneck whites in Atlanta, and by the end of the 1960s black voters were in a majority. For the power structure the product of the alliance was efficient, business-oriented political leadership. The black bourgeoisie got an Atlanta that moved further and further from the repressive racism practiced in the rest of the South. It was only after the black poor began to distinguish their interests from those of the black elite that the old alliance between blacks and the power structure started to show signs of strain.

These signs emerged spectacularly in the 1973 election, less in the race for mayor than for president of the city council. The power structure thought it had made a deal with the black elite, in which it supported Jackson for mayor in return for the black votes necessary to elect Wade Mitchell as city council president. Mitchell was the kind of man the power structure was accustomed to bestowing upon the city, a banker and conscientious member of the board of aldermen, a rich man but very liberal on racial issues. Also running was Wyche Fowler, a liberal white attorney who was chiefly distinguishable from Mitchell in strongly opposing expressway construction. The third major candidate was the Rev. Hosea Williams, a former associate of Dr. Martin Luther King, a dynamic and articulate man, and the self-appointed tribune of the black masses.

Williams, of course, refused to be bound by the deal made by the black elite, and campaigned fiercely against the wealth of the downtown establishment. In the primary Fowler came in first, thanks mostly to the anti-expressway vote. Mitchell, the early favorite, could get only 30 percent of the white vote and barely a quarter of the black, and was eliminated from the runoff. Right behind Fowler came Hosea Williams, with a majority of the black vote and a surprising 20 percent of the white. In the general election Williams did not appreciably improve his position, and in some precincts, both black and white, his vote actually declined. What the Williams vote seemed to indicate was that the black electorate, and in some measure the white, was anxious to send the power structure a message, but did not necessarily want him to win. Given the "whither Atlanta" phenomenon that has since ensued, it's a message the power structure seems to have received, though perhaps not deciphered.

What the deciphering will surely yield is a recognition that blacks have acquired a new understanding of political purpose. If they once found power flattering to the collective ego, they are now disabused of such a superficiality, and consider power meaningless except as an instrument of collective economic advancement. The Atlanta *Constitution*, still the power structure's loudest voice, last month quoted without contradiction a black establishment leader's claim that the white minority owns 97 percent of Atlanta's wealth. Hosea Williams further argues, producing scattered shreds of evidence, that the power structure, not satisfied with what it has, is out to get what little remains to blacks. At least one of the power structure's members sees the situation in much the same terms. "It has been traumatic," said Richard Kattel, chairman of the huge Citizens and Southern National Bank, "having the black community with the political strength and the white community continuing to hold the purse strings." The paradox puts a great deal of pressure on Maynard Jackson, who knows it is not easy for a mayor to translate political power into a redistribution of income, or of wealth. He has trouble enough keeping upright, as he tries to maintain his balance among his several constituencies. Naturally enough, occasionally he slips and falls.

Jackson's critics, most notably the *Constitution*, are very hard on him, especially considering his youth (he is only 36) and his inexperience (a lawyer, he never before held an administrative job). No doubt Jackson has committed his share of blunders, and then some, but none has been irretrievable or terribly damaging to the city. He has had an unfortunate tendency to perceive, and respond to, criticism as racially inspired, which, even if he has sometimes been right, has been upsetting to local harmony. He has surely been reclusive, and rather formal, in a city that does business on a first-name basis, often by spontaneous phone call. Yet it is fair to say that the criticism has been excessively carping, while the credit Jackson deserves has been denied.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maynard Jackson came into office to face not only the conventional responsibilities of a mayor but a mandate to reorganize the city government under a new charter ratified by the voters at the time of his election. The charter required a total revision of the municipal bureaucracy, centralizing authority for the first time in the mayor's hands. Jackson has demonstrated an unforeseen competence in directing the reorganization, and an aptitude for the utilization of this authority, which he has used on the whole to administer the city well. If there is serious criticism to level against him, it is surely that he has shown little innovation in matters of policy, but one of the explanations of this shortcoming is that during his first year in office he has had to concentrate almost all his energies on remaking the anatomy of the government itself.

So it is hard to understand what Jackson's critics, in their "whither Atlanta" orgy, are so disturbed about. "I supported the mayor," says A.H. Sterne, chairman of the Trust Company of Georgia and former president of the Chamber of Commerce, "and I am let down by him." This is a view that is often repeated in the lounge of the Commerce Club, where the power structure congregates. But Atlanta isn't falling apart. The downtown building boom goes on unabated and, even in a period of hard times, the economic indices are encouraging. Crime rates are rising, but no faster than they were during the previous decade when the power structure was in charge. The myth abounds that white Atlantans are afraid to come downtown, but huge numbers of them filled the Central City Park last May 9 for celebration of the "Mayor's Day for the Arts," without a single incident of violence. There's been talk within the power structure of annexing adjacent white suburbs into Atlanta, but it's a bluff—for if annexation dilutes black dominance of the voting rolls, it will also be an invitation to a court order on school busing. Both whites and blacks seem to agree that that's something they do not want.

Is the issue really money? John Portman, the architectural genius who is also Atlanta's biggest builder, is one of those rare members of the power structure who is willing to be frank. "The blacks are going to have to share *their* political power," he said, "and the whites are going to have to share *some* economic power" (emphasis added). But when Mayor Jackson proposed a modest increase in business taxes to keep up with rising costs of government, the howl from the Commerce Club was audible throughout Georgia. Make no mistake: Maynard Jackson is no radical. Though he may indulge the black masses with a little demagogy from time to time, he is not likely to challenge the economic order. The power structure, however, recognizes that its fate is no longer completely in its own hands, and some of the hands that hold this fate are not friendly. "Whither Atlanta" is a legitimate question, to people who are nervous.

Milton Viorst

Soviet Violations of the SALT Deal

Have We Been Had?

by Tad Szulc

The differences between the United States and the Soviet Union over the implementation of the 1972 nuclear strategic arms' limitation agreements (SALT) are deepening and new ones are emerging around the "tentative" accord for a second step in SALT that President Ford and Chairman Brezhnev reached in Vladivostok last November. This state of affairs, throwing a pall on the future of détente unless the basic SALT problems are promptly resolved, has been generally concealed from the American public and to a large extent from the Congress because of its enormous political sensitivity. That so many of these problems result from ambiguities that the US has accepted in the SALT treaty and the accompanying protocols is also a reflection on the quality of Secretary of State Kissinger's diplomacy. Besides Kissinger, wittingly or not, may have misled the Congress in explaining the 1972 pact.

As far as is known Kissinger and Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko made virtually no progress in breaking the SALT deadlock when they met in Vienna in May. The standing US-Soviet Consultative Commis-

Tad Szulc is a Washington writer on foreign affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion on SALT, which was to have resumed its secret discussions in Geneva on June 2, postponed its session for at least a month, possibly pending Kissinger's and Gromyko's scheduled new meeting in July. If they fail to settle the current controversy, not only SALT but détente will be in considerable trouble.

The commission is the forum where both aides bring up problems resulting from SALT agreements and attempt to implement such new decisions as those reached in principle by the US and the Soviet Union at Vladivostok last fall.

Brezhnev has already postponed his planned Washington visit in June or July to sometime in the late autumn because of the realization that a new SALT agreement could not be signed in time. The Russians, in fact, have informed their Eastern European allies that the SALT stalemate was the reason for delaying Brezhnev's trip. They have also suggested that if no agreement on SALT II is feasible, there may be no Brezhnev visit at all.

Meanwhile evidence becoming available through intelligence and diplomatic channels indicates that the Russians may have not only outmaneuvered the US in the 1972 SALT accord and the 1974 Vladivostok talks, but that they are also violating the spirit or the letter of the original treaty in at least five key areas.

Some of this information was given the subcommittee on arms control of the Senate Armed Services Committee (which is headed by Sen. Henry M. Jackson, Kissinger's principal tormentor in the Senate) in secret testimony by Central Intelligence Agency Director William E. Colby last February 11, and by Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger last March 6. Kissinger was scheduled to testify on May 15, but he requested, not surprisingly, an indefinite postponement. According to intelligence and Pentagon sources, Colby and Schlesinger spoke at length of the highly disturbing Soviet behavior in the SALT context, but they avoided direct charges of violations against Moscow. This would have been a political judgment that Colby and Schlesinger preferred to leave to Kissinger.

The apparent Soviet violations range from what American experts regard as an unauthorized conversion of "light" intercontinental missiles into heavy ones (thus threatening the strategic balance), to a significantly growing interference with US efforts to carry out verification procedures to assure that our detente partner is abiding by the SALT treaty. The US now finds itself deprived of much vital strategic intelligence, particularly concerning the new Soviet testing of MIRV missiles. The Soviets are interfering, in disregard of treaty provisions, with our satellite photography of their missile launch sites and, perhaps even more importantly, they are preventing telemetric measurements by the US of MIRV test flights.

The basic SALT document is the 1972 agreement. Actually it consists of two separate treaties. One covers the "limitation of anti-ballistic missile systems" (ABM) and it is confined to defensive strategic arms. This treaty limits the deployments of defensive ABM systems by both sides and is of "unlimited duration." The second treaty is a five-year "interim agreement" (it expires in 1977) on the limitation of offensive nuclear weapons systems. In effect it froze the number of Soviet land-based intercontinental ballistic missile launchers at 1419 and the number of US ICBM launchers at 1054. The Soviets were allowed 950 submarine-based missile launchers and the US 656 of them, with the option of going up to 710 if it chose to reduce the land-based launchers to 1000.

The general concept of the interim agreement was to freeze strategic forces at roughly the 1972 levels rather than to seek actual reductions at that stage. But because the interim agreement made no reference to MIRV systems, the net effect of it was that the US and the Soviet Union were shifting from a quantitative to a qualitative arms' race. In other words the Russians, who had not yet developed an operational MIRV system when the 1972 treaty was being negotiated, were given time to catch up with the United States in this field (we had MIRVed some time earlier) before a permanent accord would be negotiated to replace the interim agreement. Five years was the period during which the Soviets were expected to be able to deploy MIRV systems. By the same token Moscow was allowed more missile launchers than the United States to compensate for the American MIRV advantage. Although the Soviet Union is ahead of the United States in the size and throw-weight (the launch thrust of a missile) of existing ICBMs, Nixon and Kissinger had to accept the Soviet numerical superiority in 1972 because Brezhnev made it clear that otherwise he would not sign the pact. The tacit agreement was that the two superpowers would start thinking in terms of *reducing* nuclear forces only after the Russians had achieved a technological equivalence in MIRV weapons.

The current problems consist mainly of Soviet violations of the 1972 agreements. As seen by American experts, they are in the following five areas:

1. *Light and Heavy Missiles.* While the Americans and the Russians agreed in Moscow on the numerical limits on land-based ICBMs, the United States attempted to place restrictions on the size of Soviet missiles by insisting on a clause preventing the conversion of "light" missiles into "heavy" missiles. Moscow, however, flatly refused either to discuss this point or even to define a "heavy" missile. Kissinger's response to this refusal was to devise the method of "unilateral statements" that were appended to the treaty. In the case of missile weights, the American delegation said in its unilateral statement "D" that "Under these circumstances . . . the United States would consider any ICBM having a volume significantly greater than that of the largest light ICBM now operational on either side to be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a heavy ICBM. The US proceeds on the premise that the Soviet side will give due account to this consideration."

Of the 1409 land-based ICBM launchers allowed the Russians, 313 were in the heavy SS-9 class (some of these were under construction and the United States tacitly recognized that a certain number would be upgraded to what now is the super-heavy SS-18 missile) and 1096 in the "light" class of the SS-11 missile.

The American expectation was that none of these 1096 light missiles would be converted into heavy ones. In 1972 the light SS-11 missile had the volume of 69 cubic meters. The secret record of the negotiations shows that the Americans told the Russians that they would consider as "significantly greater"—and, therefore, as a "heavy" weapon—any missile exceeding 70 cubic meters. Briefing members of Congress at the White House on June 15, 1972, Kissinger put it this way: "The agreement specifically permits the modernization of weapons. There are, however, a number of safeguards. First there is the safeguard that no missile larger than the heaviest light missile that now exists can be substituted. Secondly, there is the provision that the silo configuration cannot be changed in a significant way and then the agreed interpretive statement or the interpretive statement which we made, which the other side stated reflected its views also, that this meant that it could not be increased by more than 10 to 15 percent. We believe that these two statements, taken in conjunction, give us an adequate safeguard against a substantial substitution of heavy missiles for light missiles. So, we think we have adequate safeguards with respect to that issue . . . As far as the break between the light and the heavy missiles is concerned, we believe that we have assurances through the two safeguards."

What Kissinger was saying, however, was misleading. In the first place the United States never received Soviet assurances that the American unilateral interpretation was acceptable. Kissinger simply omitted this vital fact in briefing the congressmen. He brushed aside the fact that Moscow had shied away from defining heavy missiles and claimed that the United States had "adequate safeguards" though none really existed.

Subsequent events proved him wrong. According to United States intelligence the Soviets have all along been converting the SS-11 missile into the SS-19, which has a volume of close to 100 cubic meters. The quantum jump from the 69 cubic meters of the SS-11 to the 100 cubic meters of the SS-19 is indeed "significantly greater." Kissinger was likewise wrong in assuming that the agreement in "agreed interpretations" on limiting the increase of silo configurations for launchers to 10 or 15 percent would prevent the installation of the new heavy missiles in the old holes.

In this area Kissinger was defeated by new Soviet technology. Thus the Russians have developed the so-called "cold-launch" technique in which compressed air is used to "pop up" (elevate) the missile in the silo before its engines are ignited. In this fashion a SS-19 can be fitted into a slightly enlarged SS-11 silo.

The United States has privately protested against the SS-19 conversion. At this juncture, however, the Russians are deploying hundreds of SS-19s and testing them with MIRV warheads. Quite aside from strategic implications of this development, this episode serves to demonstrate how useless was Kissinger's recourse to unilateral statements in SALT diplomacy.

2. *Covered Facilities.* Article V of the interim agreement provides that "for the purpose of providing assurance of compliance . . . each Party shall use national technical means of verification at this disposal," that "each Party undertakes not to interfere with the national technical means of verification of the other party," and that "each Party undertakes not to use deliberate concealment measures which impede verification by national technical means of compliance. . . ." But United States intelligence sources report that for a number of months now the Soviet Union has been engaging in "deliberate concealment measures" to prevent American overhead photography of many of its silo fields containing launchers. The standard "national technical means of verification" are Samos satellites orbiting over the Soviet Union around the clock photographing the sites. Intelligence photo analysts study the incredibly high resolution pictures taken on each pass to determine whether any differences can be detected pointing to possible changes in Soviet deployments. According to intelligence reports, mentioned by Colby and Schlesinger, the Soviets have been placing canvas over their mobile missile launchers thus preventing United States photography. The canvas covers roughly 80 by 30 feet areas in several places. The United States has protested this concealment practice at the recent Geneva session of the Consultative Commission, but it has received no satisfactory reply from the Russians. One of the Soviet responses was that the concealment of the launchers relates to testing that is not specifically covered in the interim agreement. United States intelligence obviously has no way of determining whether the Soviets are telling the truth. Another Soviet comment was that the United States, occasionally places covers on its Minuteman launchers. In this instance, however, covers are placed for only 18 or 72 hours to let concrete harden on the new silos. The administration, incidentally, never reported publicly these Soviet violations nor the American protests in Geneva.

3. *Telemetry.* Soviet interference with United States measurements by telemetry of Russian MIRV testing may be the most serious SALT violation, particularly in the light of last November's tentative agreement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between Brezhnev and Ford in Vladivostok that for the first time added MIRVed vehicles to the limitation of strategic arms. Under the tentative agreement each side would be entitled to 2400 nuclear delivery vehicles of which 1320 would be MIRVed. The American interpretation was that if a missile has been tested with multiple warheads, every missile of that type that is deployed is to be counted against the ceiling of MIRV warheads.

But this was another instance where Kissinger's diplomacy may have been caught in Soviet ambiguities. It was Kissinger who pushed for the Vladivostok agreement in a top-secret "eyes only" memorandum be submitted to Ford a few weeks after the new President was sworn in last August. His point was that following Nixon's failure to negotiate a new SALT agreement in the summer of 1974, Ford had to move quickly to reinforce the tottering *détente*. After the document was signed in Vladivostok, Kissinger told newsmen that if SALT II is signed in 1975 "it will mean that a cap has been put on the arms race for a period of 10 years."

Soon, however, it developed that the Russians had a different interpretation concerning the MIRV count and, above all, the verification procedures Kissinger had in mind. In December he declared that "the one principle on which we're going to be adamant and will not yield, which is nonnegotiable, is that any missile that has been tested with a MIRV mode successfully, I mean if they've run five or six tests, will be counted as a MIRVed missile when it is deployed . . . If they reject the verification formula, unless there is enormous ingenuity in which we come up with another one, I really wouldn't know where to begin . . . I think that if they reject verification it will be very hard to conceive how there can be a deal."

But last February the Russians informed the Americans that they rejected the notion that a whole class of missiles should be counted against the MIRV ceiling only because some of them have been tested with MIRVs. Gromyko repeated it in May, and Kissinger suddenly began talking of "compromises." But of the greatest concern to the United States is the extent of Soviet MIRV testing of the huge new SS-17, SS-18 and SS-19 missiles (the SS-19 is the "light" missile that became a "heavy" one). According to Schlesinger the SS-18—the biggest missile in the Soviet arsenal—is already being deployed with eight MIRV warheads. And this is where the importance of telemetry in monitoring MIRV tests comes in.

The use of radar makes it possible for United States intelligence to track the reentry of a MIRV vehicle carrying a single independently targeted warhead. It may also show the separation of multiple warheads under certain circumstances. But only telemetry—the monitoring of electronic signals broadcast by the missile—can reveal absolutely vital information concerning MIRV functions. This may include data on the fusing mechanism for the nuclear weapons carried in a MIRVed vehicle, the method of deployment of the individual missiles from the mother warhead, the missile's internal functions such as fuel consumption, temperature, pressure and so on.

Denial of telemetry intelligence thus deprives the United States of necessary information to determine whether MIRV tests are successful. As a top scientist put it, "the margin of uncertainty is gravely increased." And this is precisely what the Russians have attempted to do. Late last year they began to jam United States telemetry receivers and to encode and encapsulate the electronic data signals.

Most importantly, they switched from the analogue to the digital system of transmitting signals. Under the analogue system the signals are transmitted in the clear and can be read by American intelligence through verification procedures. But in the digital system the signal data is transformed into numbers that are "reconstructed" by computers on the ground into meaningful information. This form of encoding signals cannot be broken by American experts because it is based on arbitrary numbers that can be changed daily. In other cases the data are encapsulated in flight recorders—it is not even transmitted in flight—and it is retrieved after a missile comes down. It is unclear whether the US, too, is, in response to the Russians, now encoding its telemetry. It did before the 1972 SALT agreement banned interference with verification, but apparently discontinued the practice thereafter.

4. *Command and Control.* The United States suspects that the Soviets may be violating Article I of the 1972 interim agreement, which provides that "the Parties undertake not to start construction of additional fixed land-based ICBM launchers after July 1, 1972." This view is based on the fact that in the spring of 1973 the United States discovered through overhead reconnaissance that new silos were being built, apparently for the SS-18. Although Nixon failed to raise it with Brezhnev at the 1973 summit in Washington, Kissinger made subsequent inquiries in Moscow through his "back channel."

The Soviet reply was that the new installations were not missile silos, but "command and control" capsules. The intelligence community has reported, however, that these capsules have the same characteristics as missile-launcher silos. The doors of these structures, for example, are identical with doors on launcher silos. They can be blown off instantly, as if to surface a missile, something that a command-and-control post does not require. Intelligence has counted one such installation with each of the 150 launcher groups. In theory this may add 150 launchers to the Soviet ICBM totals if the suspicion held here is correct.

5. *ABM Violations.* The ABM treaty limits defensive deployments to specified areas in the United States and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Soviet Union. Although the 1972 treaty allowed two areas to each, this was modified in 1973 to a single system protecting Moscow and one protecting United States silos in Montana. Moreover the treaty stipulates that each side will confine itself to the use of anti-ballistic launchers and radars "deployed for an ABM role." This means that no anti-ballistic systems can be installed beyond the Moscow area.

American intelligence has discovered, however, that the Soviets are testing a modified version of the SAM-5 Griffon surface-to-air missile, in conjunction with radars, in other areas of the country in what the treaty calls "an ABM mode." Inasmuch as the Griffon test firings have been observed up to an altitude of 100,000 feet, the United States questions whether this system can be intended against aircraft. Likewise non-ABM radars have been tested against incoming objects behaving like United States ICBM or submarine-launched warheads. This activity is known in the SALT community as "SAM upgrading," and Pentagon officials believe that the Soviets are surreptitiously acquiring an added ABM defensive potential to match their growing offensive strength.

Here, once more, Kissinger was trapped in ambiguities. Inasmuch as the Russians insisted on leaving unclear the "ABM mode" provisions, he appended to the text a unilateral declaration setting for the US interpretation of what it should be. But as in the case of the light missiles, this is not binding on the Russians.

Where Kissinger goes from here in terms of SALT and its impact on détente is unclear. The differences between the United States and the Soviet Union, as illustrated by the disputes over the violations and interpretations of the SALT treaties, are quite deep and may no longer be able to be papered over for the sake of détente cosmetics. New "compromises" may keep the process alive a while longer. But, in the end, reality must be faced.

Fed Up With Arthur Burns

Keeping Secrets

by Peter H. Schuck

Arthur Burns is a conservative man, even compared to the super-cautious bankers whom his Federal Reserve Board regulates. To many Americans Burns is a symbol of pious self-assurance, of moderation taken to extremes. To others he is the right man in the right place at the right time—a rock of integrity unmoved by the partisan storms loosed by the coexistence of double digit inflation, deep recession and yet another staggering federal deficit. Most observers agree, however, that Arthur Burns possesses the extraordinary prudence and fastidiousness of judgment one would expect of the world's most influential central banker.

Because of this awesome reputation for discretion and subtlety, Burns' heavy-handed response to the publication of some interest rate data in a recent issue of *Consumer Reports* generated unusual public attention, briefly moving the Fed from the business section to page one. But while interest in this bizarre contretemps focused on Burns' uncharacteristically intemperate actions, its true significance lies elsewhere, particularly now that a bill to create a federal consumer agency is once again being debated in Congress.

The Federal Reserve Board collects information from commercial banks as part of its monetary and regulatory responsibilities. Indeed the Fed conducts more than 50 regular surveys in which statistical and other information is obtained on a systematic basis from individual Fed member and FDIC-insured banks. Some of that information would be valuable to inflation weary consumers shopping for the best terms on loans, savings accounts and other banking services. For example the Fed collects on a monthly basis information on the rates paid by some 2500 banks on savings and time deposits, rates that often vary enormously even within a single community. Yet *none* of the data has been routinely disseminated to the public. Quite the contrary, the Fed has bent its efforts—and, incredibly enough, those of the courts and the FBI as well—toward preventing the release of the information.

During the summer of 1973 San Francisco Consumer

Peter H. Schuck, an attorney, is director of Consumer Union's Washington office and the author of *The Judiciary Committees.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Action, a resourceful consumer group serving the Bay area, wanted to publish a consumer's guide to local banking institutions. As part of that effort SFCA hoped to list the range of interest rates charged on a variety of consumer installment loans by each of the major banks in and near San Francisco. SFCA had learned that the Fed collects such data every month, on a voluntary basis, from about 370 banks across the country, and that the Fed published the data in *aggregate* form. SFCA asked Consumers Union, which publishes the monthly magazine *Consumer Reports*, to assist it in obtaining information from the Fed so that it could compile its booklet.

CU asked the Fed to give it access to the interest rate data, but without success. So in September 1973 Consumers Union filed suit against the board under the Freedom of Information Act. The act, passed in 1966 and strengthened by Congress just a few months ago, requires each government agency to disclose to the public on request any information in its files, except documents falling within any of eight narrow exceptions. One of the exceptions, invoked by the Fed, is for "confidential" commercial or financial information.

The Fed's position was that the interest rate information was "confidential" because the board had assured the banks that it would be treated as such. CU argued that the requested information was not confidential (much of it is advertised by banks, all of it is given to bank customers on an individual basis), that the board had never assured the banks of confidentiality with respect to *this* survey, and that under well established case law under the Freedom of Information Act, such an assurance—even if given—would have no legal effect. The Fed filed with the court a number of affidavits from bankers and such "heavies" as former Fed Governor Andrew Brimmer, now a professor at Harvard Business School. These affidavits detailed the tragic and baleful consequences to the banks and to the Fed itself if the interest rate information were disclosed. The "horribles" that were predicted included: the destruction of the Fed's data-gathering capabilities; the likely submission to the Fed of inaccurate data by banks; a refusal by the reporting banks to participate in the survey; competitive harm to reporting banks; impairment of relationships between the banks and their customers; and misleading of consumers by those who would publish the information.

In making these blanket claims and predictions, the board played rather fast and loose with the facts. First, even if the Fed considered this information confidential, and even if that were a proper determination, the board was obligated under the Freedom of Information Act to specify whether all or only some of the requested information was confidential, and whether all or only some of the banks considered it to be so, and to publicly disclose what was not confidential. The board did none of this but simply made a blanket claim of confidentiality for *all* of it and for *all* banks. Moreover the board apparently made no effort to determine how the reporting banks actually felt about disclosure but instead tried to create the impression that the handful of banks submitting affidavits were representative of all 370 banks in the survey.

Most shocking, however, is the fact that in December 1973—well after suit had been filed—the board conducted a special survey of banks participating in the survey, asking them whether they actually considered the interest rate information pertaining to credit card loans—one of the five loan categories at issue in the lawsuit—to be confidential. Of the 171 banks responding to this special survey, 73.7 percent stated that the information was not confidential, a statistic that discredited the board's position in the lawsuit at least as to the credit card loan category. The board never revealed to the court the existence of that special survey, much less its dramatic, and legally relevant, findings. Indeed CU learned that the survey existed only accidentally, in a discussion with board officials a year and a half later.

In May the US District Court held that all of the information requested by CU was in the public domain, was not confidential, and must be made publicly available by the Fed under the Freedom of Information Act. The board immediately obtained a stay of that judgment pending appeal. In November 1974 the court of appeals remanded the case to the District court for more detailed findings. In January 1975, after having been held up by the board for almost one and one-half years, CU offered to settle the case on the following basis: the board would disclose the data on a prospective basis only (beginning with the February reports), thus enabling the board to save face with the banks to whom it claimed to have assured confidentiality, and CU would agree not to seek some of the data to which the district court had ruled it was entitled but that was of less interest to consumers.

On February 19 a board official informed CU's lawyer that the board had information that *Consumer Reports* was publishing interest rate information in its March issue, that the interest rate data must have been leaked, that Chairman Burns was "determined to get to the bottom of this," and that the board urged that *Consumer Reports* not publish the interest rates. CU replied that it was too late to stop publication and that even if it were not *Consumer Reports* would feel an obligation to its readers to go ahead, particularly in a period of inflation, high interest rates and high unemployment, that consumers needed all the help they could get. The board abruptly broke off settlement negotiations.

Within days the March issue reached *Consumer Reports* subscribers, and it quickly became clear why many banks—and their friends at the Fed—were so secretive. The magazine listed the rates most commonly charged

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a number of banks in each of 11 large metropolitan areas for auto loans, secured consumer goods loans, and personal unsecured loans. The differences in rates within a single metropolitan area turned out to be enormous, a fact highly suggestive of inadequate consumer information. First National Bank of Dallas, for example, most often charged 17.97 percent for personal loans while its neighbor, the Republic National Bank of Dallas, charged 10 percent. For auto loans the same banks most commonly charged 11.52 percent and 7.51 percent, respectively. Comparable disparities between competitors existed in almost all metropolitan areas and for all the loan categories.

The Fed wasted no time in flying to the defense of its member banks. Just as *Consumer Reports* was reaching the newsstands, *The Washington Post* revealed that Chairman Burns had persuaded the FBI to launch a criminal investigation into what Burns called an "apparent theft" of government docuemnts by Fed employees. Relying on two criminal provisons—one had never been used in a prosecution and the other had been used (unsuccessfully) to prosecute Daniel Ellsberg for release of the Pentagon papers—the FBI immediately dispatched agents to interview lower-level Fed employees with access to the data. Meanwhile various liberal members of Congress, seeing Burns in an unusually vulnerable position and nursing their long standing disagreements with him over Fed monetary policy, quickly jumped into the fray. Octogenarian Fed-baiter Wright Patman, for example, dashed off several letters to Burns demanding to know how much taxpayer money had been wasted on the investigation and why the Fed had withheld the data in the first place. And Ben Rosenthal, a consumer-minded congressman from New York City with a new subcommittee chairmanship, held a day of hearings to take testimony from Dr. Burns and lesser Fed officials.

Testifying for more than three hours under harsh but respectful questioning by the markedly liberal subcommittee, the 71-year-old Burns readily conceded that the information that *Consumer Reports* had published "is potentially very useful to consumers" and might enhance competition between banks. He was unrepentant, however, insisting that nothing less than the Eighth Commandment was at stake. "Chairman Rosenthal," he said, "I would have done this in the year 1875 if I had been alive, and I would do it again in the year 2075 if I were still here."

For all of its chairman's public rigidity, the Fed was beginning to bend with the pressure from Congress and the CU litigation. It quietly agreed to resume settlement negotiations with Consumers Union and, finally, more than a year and a half after forcing suit on the issue, wrote to all 370 banks in the interest rate survey asking whether and to what extent the banks *in fact* considered the interest rate data to be confidential.

The survey was completed in April but its findings have never been made public by the board. And with good reason; they could hardly be more damaging to the board's position in this whole sorry affair. Of those banks with a single interest rate for a particular loan consumer category, *over 90 percent* responded that *none* of the information reported to the Fed was confidential. Even in the case of banks that charged customers varying interest rates for consumer loans, more than 50 percent stated that *none* of the information was confidential. It also turned out that despite all of the Fed's predictions that disclosure would cause large numbers of banks to drop out of the survey, only about 10 fewer banks had reported to the Fed *after* the public listings of banks and rates in *Consumer Reports* than had reported before the listings were published. The Fed could, if it wished, *compel* the banks to submit the data every month.

These results are not surprising. Consumer loan rates are for the banker what price is to the retail merchant; neither can do business by keeping secret the prices they charge.

When the board officials showed CU the results of their own survey, CU assumed that this tedious controversy was finally at an end and that the board would comply with the original information request. It did not count on the board's tenacity, however: the Fed intended to continue to withhold any of the interest rate information that a bank deemed confidential. Only after CU threatened to go back to court again, did the board back down and agree to make all of the data public beginning May 1, 1975.

This story, unfortunately, does not have an entirely happy ending. First, Consumers Union incurred enormous expense to fight this 20-month legal battle. Second, the Fed employee who gave *Consumer Reports* the information it published was forced to resign from the Fed in the face of threats of criminal prosecution following a Burns-requested FBI investigation.

The *Consumer Reports* affair is not merely an example of the arbitrary exercise of power by bureaucrats; Dr. Burns obviously believed that an important principle—the integrity of the Fed's promises and its files—was at stake. More fundamentally it shows once again that regulatory agencies will almost always perceive their bureaucratic interests as nearly identical with the economic interests of regulated industry and will act on that perception while regarding consumer interests as *terra incognita* on the regulatory landscape.

Nevertheless the stolid Fed does seem a bit shaken by these events, and by the loud public outcry they elicited. CU is pressing the Fed for additional comparative interest rate data that it collects—this time, on savings and time deposits—and the Fed has responded favorably. Indeed Arthur Burns has now tentatively endorsed a proposal that regulated banks be compelled to post such information on their premises in order to facilitate comparison shopping by consumers. And all because Burns got burned.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thoughts for Graduation Day

What's Education Good For?

by Ronald Berman

It has been said that every nation has the God it deserves; where education is worshipped the inference must be obvious. For us it has been more than a common necessity: it has shared the authority of family, church and state. Other cultures relied on pluralistic institutions like clan or craft to diffuse a sense of self and society. Ours is a product of the classroom, as well as our sense of history and other realities. What we know has come to us through a single, universal institution.

As all other institutions diminished the schools too lost their authority. In some respects that was both necessary and desirable, for that authority was finite and had to come from somewhere; it was borrowed and perhaps ought to have been returned. But, being gone, it left us with very little place to go.

From the beginning there has been doubt of the direction that education—hence we ourselves—should pursue. Our colonial government, with missionary assurance, once offered the tribes of the Six Nations the chance to better themselves by learning the ways of our society. As Benjamin Franklin observed, the offer had few takers. Here, from his *Remarks Concerning Savages of North America* (1784), is the reason why. The speaker is a chief of the Six Nations:

> *You, who are wise, must know that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will not therefore take it amiss, if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the Colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but, when they came back to us, they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, nor kill an enemy, spoke our language imperfectly were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor counsellors; they were totally good for nothing.*

In fact this gives rise to the suspicion that these people knew at least as much of libraries as they did of universities. For one of the best-documented themes of modern literature (aside from the creation of culture in the minds of barbarians) is the uselessness of being taught. English literature, the language of self-taught men, is generally on the side of the Indians.

Schooling in Shakespeare is either a joke or a catastrophe. His young men bumble through their courses just in time to enter a world for whose hungers knowledge has made them unfit. *The Taming of the Shrew* begins with Lucentio declaring that he will institute "a course of learning and ingenious studies" in Pisa, and with Baptista Minola, the middle-class father of us all, letting drop this tremendous challenge to the Fates and their sense of humor:

> *Schoolmasters will I keep within my house*
> *Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio—*
> *Or, Signior Gremio, you—know any such,*
> *Prefer them hither; for to cunning men*
> *I will be very kind; and liberal*
> *To mine own children in good bringing-up.*

He is really asking for it—but so of course is the idea of education evidently on the author's mind. Any conception of reasonable learning, not to say of reason itself, is absorbed into Katharina's passions and the splendidly therapeutic madness of Petruchio. There are three models of human relations in this play and we should be aware of their progression: it begins with a college, which becomes submerged in a madhouse, which ends in a marriage. There may be some message there.

In Shakespeare the world answers ideas with perfect pitch. Whether in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Shrew* or *Hamlet* that pitch is observed. Young men come back from school to a world academically imperfect, and for that they *are* "totally good for nothing." It is a world in which teachers fail and ideas come to nothing: Friar Laurance makes a marriage that contradicts itself into a funeral; Prospero, reviewing his own life, says to Caliban,

> *I pitied thee*
> *Took pains to make thee speake, taught thee each hour*
> *One thing or other*

—a picture destined to stimulate 19th century vulgarity and modern sentimentality. But we are generally beyond the power of our best impulses and the only law governing Caliban is that of probability:

> *You taught me language, and my profit on't*
> *Is, I know how to curse.*

Before we praise the times that have given us to

Ronald Berman is chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. He delivered this address at the University of Maryland, the College of Saint Rose and Colorado College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ourselves we should remember that all ages have their central metaphor. Faustus burnt his books, Prospero threw his in the ocean, Don Quixote, reading his once too often, went mad.

John Milton's essay *On Education* may prove the Indians right after all. He insists that men be taught "to improve the tillage of their country, to recover the bad soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good." Students should know "the tempers, the humours, and the seasons"—which is to say the character of their bodies and that of the world—hunting, fishing, gardening and doctoring; and "the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies; that they may not in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience, as many of our great counsellors have lately shewn themselves." Amen, and very close to home. In addition, Greek, Latin, geometry, sciences, literature; *but all to some end.*

Is it possible that Franklin's Indians, like those of Voltaire, went on to Leonardo after Milton and Shakespeare? The former wrote to Ludovico of Milan: "I am prepared . . . to make an extremely light and strong bridge. An endless variety of battering rams. A method of demolishing fortresses built on a rock. A kind of bombard, which hurls showers of small stones and the smoke of which strikes terror into the enemy." But, he added, "In times of peace, I believe myself able to vie successfully with any in the designing of public and private buildings, and in conducting water from one place to another. Item: I can carry out sculpture in marble, bronze, or clay, and also in painting I can do as well as any man."

Any man who reads a book is always in the presence of a contradiction. He loves order but admits necessity. He absolutely requires freedom but understands the traditions that confine it. He worries about the utility of ideas. He accepts the tension between learning and expression—perhaps all of these simultaneously, and sympathetically. He admires the great reach and power of a system that developed from the Tribes of Israel and the Academy of Athens to the monasteries of the Old World and the universities of the New. But he will think also of conflict between the system and the men it fails to serve. He will think of Ben Jonson, who had to be a bricklayer; of Alexander Pope, whose religion and deformity disqualified him from Oxford; of Shelley who was thrown out of school and Keats who could not afford it; of Dr. Johnson and Dickens, poor to a degree no one here can possibly imagine, self-taught and producing a kind of adversary prose on education that has become part of the modern sensibility; of Scott Fitzgerald who was thrown out of Princeton, and Ezra Pound who could not hold down a teaching job, and T.S. Eliot who preferred working in a bank to getting a PhD. In short we have educated ourselves to know, admire and imitate those to whom formal education itself was not much "use."

It is fairly plain that some care has to be taken in working out the claims of great institutions against those of great men—how much more so in the case of common necessity. Even the relatively narrow issue of learning versus utility has its dangers. It is now often said that education should prepare us to have children, jobs and leisure time; to be consumers and members of a community; a triumph of vocation. That is not what the Six Nations meant when they thought of man in Nature. What earthly good would it have done Hamlet to study criminology at Wittenberg? Would that have prepared him for a country that was in fact a paradigm of the human mind? A country in which every lust including self-love and every sin including self-deceit was spelled out; not as in a tragedy on the stage alone but as in fact we find it daily. What an error it is to assume that the knowledge of typing and filing, even the ability to distinguish between brand names and candidates is in fact sufficient for life. Life, in a sense, is what happens after you have faced necessity; it takes place before nine and after five.

A sound education will permit the mind to distinguish between the true and false; to understand the unrelenting deviousness of human psychology and the terrible complexity of historical issues. It is bound to what we call the liberal arts because, in painting or history or poetry they have, more successfully than any other form of intelligence delimited and filled in the picture of existence. If then some actual purpose is to be hoped for education it should be a little more than now seems popular. To "bear either cold or hunger" is in fact a moral quality, and the Six Nations evidently found that useful. We soon may ourselves. To be a good counsellor meant as much as being a good hunter, and that, they said, they could not do without. We have recently found the same. We may as well accept the contradiction: education has always been of two minds. It has needed ideas and values to retain moral and intellectual identity. And it has needed to be useful in social life because it happens to be the modern form of transmitting that life. But what is it useful for? Milton thought it could repair the damage of original sin. A century later, Jefferson said it was the one sure support of republican government. A century after that, it was seen as a way to Americanize foreign immigrants. Today its use is to prepare us to be good citizens—and to be rather successful. But surely "useful" has some other meanings: self-knowledge, knowledge of other men. Knowledge of when society should be stable and when it should change, and finally how much the concept of "usefulness' is bound to passing time. One other thing: education can be both complete in itself and a preparation for something more difficult, and I think more noble than you have yet experienced. That is the act of becoming what you have studied and admired, and I hope you find yourselves up to that.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Now and Also Then

The Taking of Miss Janie (Newhouse). Ed Bullins is one of the most talented of contemporary black playwrights. In fact he is one of the few genuine talents among a group of playwrights—the blacks—who are even more flagrantly pampered by critics than are younger American playwrights in general. I've had an eye out for Bullins ever since I had the chance, eight years ago, to read the manuscript of his early play *Goin A Buffalo*. The work of his that I've seen since then has affected me much like that first play: ragged but raging; raging but ragged; a strong personal voice that often lapses into clichés of dialogue and construction. A grimmer way of saying this is that his talent is now no less but his art is no greater. He has neither dwindled nor significantly developed. His latest play *The Taking of Miss Janie* is a case in point—indeed, it's more of a case in point than a play.

The idea is theatrically attractive: a view of the American '60s built on the relationship between two college students, black man and white woman, including the woman's conscious wish to be a friend and her less conscious wish to be taken; the man's perception of this; his loathing of it combined with his liking of her, and his ultimate revenge on both of them, on the world, by succumbing to her wish to be raped by him. (I'm not assuming, any more than Bullins is, that all women are just dying to be raped: I'm talking about some psychosexual myths in a specific time, place, situation.) The play opens with the rape just finished, near the end of the decade, and closes with the rape just beginning. Between, we get the events leading up to it: their meeting at UCLA; her introduction to his black friends, male and female, and his Jewish friends, a hippie girl and a zonked-out beat poet; their meeting of her boy friend at the time, a guitarist, also Jewish. Bullins wants to examine the texture and movement of the '60s at a focal point of the decade's dynamics: socially and politically radical college students. We see examples of black nationalism, black intellectualism, the growth of women's lib, drug culture, rock culture, and so on.

But there are two troubles, quickly apparent: 1) all we are getting is examples, not drama; 2) Bullins has absolutely no *ideas* on his subject, he can only present bits of it as evidence. As the play progresses, he seems to become aware of this, to become frustrated and panicky; so he "opens up" the play, makes it become conscious of itself as play, makes the characters address the audience in quasi-historical tone with references to the future. But the device doesn't work: it stands shivering as a naked attempt to give depth to a play that hasn't really reached it. Like other Bullins work, the trouble with *Miss Janie* is that Bullins never decided, in artistic terms, why he wanted to write it and what he was going to do about it. Some dramatists, even such an unlikely one as Shaw, have told us that they start with characters and let the characters "write" the play. If true, which I beg leave to doubt somewhat, the difference in Bullins is that his characters aren't equally resourceful. He needs to help them more, in advance.

The framework—the fated "rape"—is good. Much of the funky dialogue is rhythmic, sharp, pungent. But when Bullins leaves the funky, he often leaves the true. For instance the white girl says, "Why are you forcing your will on me?" Or a black girl says of love, "Even the pain was sweet, though bitter." Bullins' character drawing fluctuates, too. The heroine and the Jewish beat (well played by Hilary Jean Beane and Robert B. Silver), the black nationalist and intellectual (well played by Kirk Kirksey and Darryl Croxton) are all vividly drawn. But the hero moves in and out of the typewriter, a black sexpot is a howling stereotype and the (eventual) lesbian never comes to life.

Gilbert Moses staged the play adeptly within the flexible setting designed by the always ingenious Kert Lundell. The play was first done by the New Federal Theater of the Henry Street Settlement, which specializes in ethnic work, and the production was then moved by Joseph Papp to the basement theater at Lincoln Center. Papp subsequently announced an agreement with Henry Street "to develop plays that will be presented first at Henry Street and then at Lincoln Center or at the Public Theater, downtown." Translated, this means that Papp has delegated part of the preparation of his work elsewhere, relying in some degree on the taste and initiative of others.

However, *Little Black Sheep* (Beaumont) shows that this is probably a good move; because when Papp selects and produces his own work, the results are so often deplorable. This new play by Anthony Scully is like a paradigm of Papp's weaknesses.

It's set in the Jesuit House of Study connected with Yale, of which Scully has first-hand knowledge. It's the kind of play that shows the author *has* first-hand knowledge but not much else. We know from the first moment that we're in for anti-Barry Fitzgerald truth about the Catholic clergy. It starts with an old Jesuit, head of the house, coming down to answer the door with a towel around his middle and insisting on hanging about like that for some time. By and by we also see a golf-playing charm-boy Jesuit, a homosexual Jesuit (at one point in wild drag), a crypto-Nazi (male) housekeeper, and a lovelorn nun who strips to the waist for the first-act curtain.

It seems almost superfluous to add that it all takes place on the day in 1968 when Robert Kennedy was shot and that there are two bad auto accidents outside during the day.

The naiveté behind and in the writing is monumental. Because Scully has seen the difference between the public view and the private facts of religious lives, he

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Try to see the Italian-language subtitled version, not the dubbed version, of Fellini's funny-bitter-lovely poem.

The Middle of the World. A French Swiss film of a Swiss-Italian affair. Intelligent, extraordinarily well done, finally unsatisfying.

Monty Python and the Holy Grail. Le Morte d'Arthur mortified. The Middle Ages were never like this, alas. Amusing rather than hilarious, still these days. . . .

The Passenger. Anything by Antonioni must be seen. But what a grudging, terrible thing to have to say about a film by a master.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nice Jewish Boy

Reading Myself and Others by Philip Roth

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $8.95)

Philip has published nine books in 16 years: not bad, even for an earnest Jewish boy. The list runs: *Goodbye, Columbus* (1959), *Letting Go* (1962), *When She Was Good* (1967), *Portnoy's Complaint* (1969), *Our Gang* (1971), *The Breast* (1972), *The Great American Novel* (1973), *My Life as a Man* (1974), and now a collection of facts and opinions, *Reading Myself and Others*. A Jewish writer's mother might have sleepless nights worrying about her boy straining his health to produce five books in the last five years, but Roth's health seems fine; the maladies displayed in *Reading Myself and Others* are merely local irritations, nothing terminal. This is the kind of book an actor writes while resting between engagements: mostly opinions, autobiographical fragments, introductions, complaints, interviews, the talk-show of a successful man:

Mr. Roth, would you like to tell our live audience what it was like, growing up in Newark, New Jersey? Just tell it like it was, the way you were, being a Jew and all that, the guilt, your parents, especially your mother. You were high on baseball, weren't you, Mr. Roth? I'm sure you have given much thought to the moral significance of pornography, Mr. Roth, and while we're on the subject, what do you think of Mr. Nixon's views on abortion? Do you think every woman has the right to decide? Is it true that you were reading Kafka in the Newark Public Library while your friends were stealing cars?

Roth enjoys being interviewed. Seven of these 73 pieces are transcripts of interviews, including one in which the author interviewed himself on the significance of *The Great American Novel*." In *The Great American Novel* your allegiance to Jake the Snake is obviously stronger than it is to Henry James, wouldn't you say?" Answer: "Yes, there is more of Jake the Snake in there than in *Letting Go* or in *When She Was Good*." Walter Mauro questioned the author of *Portnoy's Complaint*, on the assumption, apparently, that "P. Roth" was a pseudonym for F. Nietzsche:

Sex as an instrument of power and subjection. You develop this theme in Portnoy's Complaint *and achieve a desecration of pornography, at the same time recognizing the obsessive character of sexual concerns and their enormous conditioning power. Tell us in what real experience this dramatic fable originated or from what adventure of the mind or the imagination.*

Full marks to Mr. Roth, his answer began, "Do I 'achieve a desecration of pornography?'" When *Portnoy's Complaint* was published, George Plimpton tried to nudge Roth into making a clean breast of it for the edification of readers of *The New York Times:*

But surely you don't intend us to believe that this volatile novel of sexual confession, among other things, had its conception in purely literary motives?

Roth fielded that one quite nicely:

No, I don't. But the conception is really nothing, you know, beside the delivery.

Alan Lelchuk asked Roth nice, easy questions about *The Breast*, caressing the book rather than squeezing it, even when Roth claimed that "a man who turn into a breast is the first truly heroic character I've ever been able to portray." Martha Saxton was allowed to ask only one question, apparently, and she produced an interesting one about the relationship, in four of Roth's books, between a character and his psychoanalyst. Joyce Carol Oates began her interview by pretending to think *Portnoy's Complaint* Roth's third book, went on to speak of *The Great American Novel* as "your baseball extravaganza," and of *The Breast* as "a literary work, rather than a real psychological excursion," and ended by throwing the celebrated author a crumb from her own table:

Could you—can you—comprehend, by any extension of your imagination or your unconscious, a life as a woman?—a writing life as a woman? I know this is speculative but had you the choice, would you have wanted to live your life as a man, or as a woman (you could also check "other")?

Even then Roth kept his smile in place, did not walk off the show or shout "Dick Cavett wouldn't ask me a damfool question like that." He knows it's all entertainment. Like *Reading Myself and Others*, an interview is not meant to last; it is merely an occasion on which a famous man reveals himself without disclosing anything. Roth is a skillful actor; he knows the difference between laying your soul on the line and pretending to lay it there. No George Plimpton, togged out in leers and nudges, is going to extract a dime's worth of revelation from him. Who does G.P. think he is; Kojak?

Nine books, then, and the ninth is a breathing-space, a rest, a sabbatical, time to let the organism renew itself. After eight books a man is entitled to a rest, but that is not the point. *My Life as a Man* brought to an end one phase of that life and the art is sustained, worked out the logic of a terminology given, but incomplete, in *Goodbye, Columbus*. In Roth's fiction there is one story and one story only: it goes somewhat like this. There is this nice Jewish boy, a credit to his mother, gives no trouble, his father wants to give him the world and knows he deserves it, lovely boy. From *Portnoy's Complaint:* "I would never eat *milchiks* off a *flaishedigeh* dish, never, never, never." The boy feels this great burden of affections, needs and loyalties crushing his body. In the Newark Public Library he has been reading Thomas Mann's *A Sketch of My Life:* "All activity is deadly earnest; and it is morality itself that, one with life, forbids us to be true to the guileless unrealism of our youth." And Wallace Stevens in the "Esthetique du Mal" (where else?):

The son
And the father alike and equally are spent,
Each one, by the necessity of being
Himself, the unalterable necessity
Of being this unalterable animal.

Necessity, aye, there's the first rub, and "unalterable" is the second. Human nature is sufficiently adhesive, and if the glue comes away at any point there's the complex fate of being an American Jew ready to lick it down again. Our hero, loving his mother and father as he does,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spread the Word!

Tax Deductible Gift Subscriptions to The New Republic

We are vitally interested in expanding our audience. Our readers are of course our strongest supporters. From this mutual interest, we would like to suggest that you give a gift of this journal to the school, library, religious institution, prison, military base or other organization of your choice that qualifies for *tax deductible gifts*. The gift would be valuable to you, to the recipient, as well as to us. If this idea appeals to you, please fill out the form below and mail us a check for $17.00. We will also mail you a receipt verifying your gift for tax purposes. Please address your correspondence on this matter to **The New Republic, 1244 19th Street, N.W., Wash., D.C. 20036**

Yes, I want to participate in your tax deductible gift subscription program.

Recipient:
Name of Institution _____

_____

Street _____

City _____ ,

State _____ Zip _____

Gift from: _____

_____

[Additional gifts should be sent to _____

_____

(I enclose $15 for each additional gift).] 1190

still yearns to transcent his nature. Many enticing possibilities are set aside because the indulgence they require is not in his nature. He wants to let go. More desperately, he wants to show himself (and mother and father and God, too, the None Other of Roth's fiction) that his nature is not the whole story. Paul Herz says in *Letting Go:* "Anything can be your nature: make it your nature!" That's the ticket. The only way a nice Jewish boy can assert his freedom and transcend his nature is by breaking loose, going wild and bad, refusing to be perfect. But not yet. A. Portnoy again: "Renunciation is all, cries the koshered and bloodless piece of steak my family and I sat down to eat at dinner time. Self-control, sobriety, sanctions—this is the key to a human life, saith all those endless dietary laws." Finally he goes wild on the 107 bus from New York, and on every bus thereafter. Lobsters, *shikses*, anything to his liberated taste: he chooses, with ferocity of desire. But his choices turn out to confirm the determinations and destiny assigned to him. Then ensues what Roth in *Reading Myself and Others* calls "a deeply vexing sense of characterological enslavement." Now vee may perhaps to begin Yes? says Dr. Spielvogel.

The plot may be questioned by a reader who observes that in *When She was Good* Lucy Nelson is a Gentile girl rather than a Jewish boy. No matter. Roth knows well enough that when Lucy "dedicates herself to a life of submission, humility, silence and suffering" she becomes a nice Jewish boy, despite her drunken father and her Gentile background, Lutheran one side, Presbyterian the other. If I need help on the scenario, I can get it from Roth in *Reading Myself and Others* where he speaks of his development as a novelist. Witness *Goodbye, Columbus, Letting Go,* and *When She Was Good:* serious themes, the question of moral sovereignty, gestures of awe toward Henry James, conversations less daring than those in Mary McCarthy's *The Group,* the keynote speech of those years.

But Roth was not content. He still found himself writing like a nice Jewish boy, concealing his dark temptations. Interviewing himself in *Reading Myself and Others,* he reports that "the direction of my work since *Portnoy's Complaint* can in part be accounted for by my increased responsiveness to, and respect for, what is unsocialized in me." In other words he wanted a bit of mischief. Henry James was fine in his way, but don't forget Henny Youngman, Jake the Snake, and Arnold G., narrator of indecent stories of failure and confusion in sex. In still other words, "as I now see it, one of my continuing problems as a writer has been to find the means to be true to these seemingly inimical realms of experience that I am strongly attached to by temperament and training—the aggressive, the crude, and the obscene, at one extreme, and something a good deal more subtle and, in every sense, refined, at the other." Invoking Philip Rahv's famous description of two rival traditions in American writing, "paleface" and "redskins," Roth wants the best of both worlds: call me Redface. Meanwhile our hero, three proper if somewhat turgid novels to his credit, adds impropriety and subversion to his nature, publishes *Portnoy's Complaint, Our Gang,* and a wild fiction every year to the number of five, to show the world he means it.

Am I saying that George Plimpton was right to nudge Mr. Roth to confess all? Or that Alex Portnoy (b.1933) and Philip Roth (b.1933) are one and the same nice Jewish boy giving his mother sleepless nights? Not at all. I am merely saying that the story of Mr. Roth's development as a novelist and the ur-story to be discerned through the eight books are parallel lines; they are not required or even allowed to cross. If the relationship is entertained, it may be pondered for what it is worth. For example: note the differences. The Jewish boy wants to transcend his nature, run wild, glut himself on every *goyische* taste, at whatever cost to himself and Mother. But the Jewish novelist, his brow furrowed by the labor of three grave books on grave themes, wants to transcend the nature of his art by introducing obscene elements as play. He does not compete with Sade or even with Henry Miller. *Our Gang* is a joke in bad taste, like most jokes. *The Breast* takes its seriousness from Kafka and its wildness from Gogol. I am not in a position to say what it takes from Henny Youngman, but the whole mixture, now playful, now gruesome, settles down comfortably enough as satire. I do not find that it hurts, even when I laugh. Grant Roth his jinks, he is still a nice Jewish boy from Newark, New Jersey. It is not my business to speculate on the turn his art will take, now that its first logic has apparently worked itself out.

Meanwhile Roth is spring-cleaning, tidying up his papers, putting his house in order. What is he shouting about? *Reading Myself and Others* is full of complaint, but perhaps the explanation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

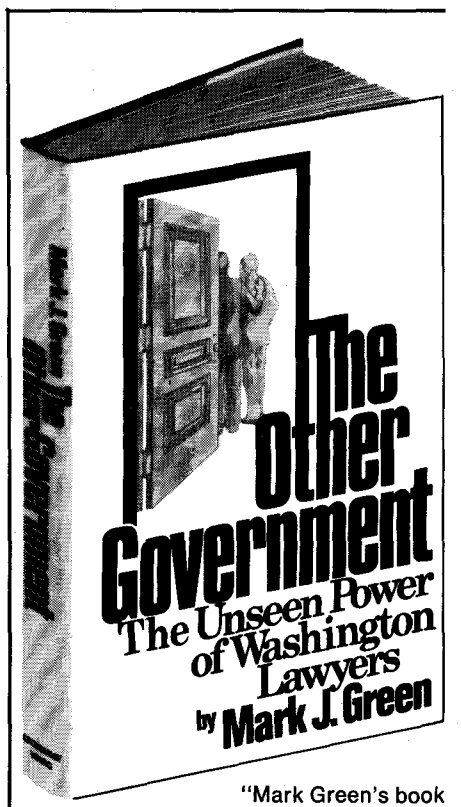
is that his style is happiest in the genre, enjoying most the wounds it rages over. We assume that Portnoy's eloquence and total recall were more effective than Dr. Spielvogel, despite his happy name, in the art of healing. God, the None Other of our woes, at least permits us the art of venting them in speech. Roth's woes, loosed from the eloquence of their recital, do not seem inordinate. He has received a harsh review from Norman Podhoretz in *Commentary*. Irving Howe has reflected upon his "vulgarity." Diana Trilling has described his view of life as "grimly deterministic." Leonard Lyons once reported that Barbra Streisand professed herself satisfied with her affair with Roth; a libel, since Mr. Roth and the lady had never even met. Jacqueline Susann told Johnny Carson and several million sleepless Americans that while she would like to meet Roth she would not wish to shake his hand. Rabbi David Seligson disapproved of *Goodbye, Columbus* on the grounds that it featured "a Jewish adulterer and a host of other lopsided schizophrenic personalities." Leon Uris had Roth in mind (or so Roth thinks) when he denounced "a whole school of Jewish American writers who spend their time damning their fathers, hating their mothers, wringing their hands and wondering why they were born." The author of *Exodus* seemed to think the question simple: are Jews victims or fighters? If the issue is posed in these terms, the answer is provided not by either of the disputants but by the history of the Middle East since 1948: Jews are victims and fighters. Jakie plays nice sometimes, and then again he plays dirty.

These are some of the items lodged as evidence in the case of Philip Roth vs. His Enemies. The list is incomplete, of course. Roth has an entire "Modern Museum of Gripes and Grievances," but the items are reasonably typical of the venom directed against him since *Goodbye, Columbus*. On the evidence, Roth's complaint seems exorbitant. I am no John Wayne, all I get from biting on a bullet is a broken tooth, but I think I could bear Roth's revealed woes with equanimity, especially if one of my books were bought, as he reports of *Portnoy's Complaint*, by 420,000 customers at $6.95 plus tax. Roth is probably a nice man in any weather, but I read him with most pleasure when he is attending to other woes than his own. Or other merits than his own, as in this praise of Alan Lelchuk, Milan Kundera and Fredrica Wagman. I can take him or leave him when he is merely doing what everybody else is doing, such as denouncing President Ford for granting Mr. Nixon an unconditional pardon for any crimes he may have committed while he was President. Fine in *The Village Voice* last September, but hardly worth reprinting now.

The essay that shows Roth at his journalistic best is "Imagining Jews," a long rumination published last year in *The New York Review of Books*. Even that piece has its dispensable paragraphs, where Roth is merely freewheeling, delivering an insult to Christopher Lehmann-Haupt just to keep himself going, but the essay acquires great momentum when it forgets about *Portnoy's Complaint* and grasp its true theme, the representation of "the Jew" in modern American Jewish fiction. The general argument is that the Jew is regularly identified with righteousness and restraint, "the just and measured response." In Saul Bellow's fiction the Jew is invoked to enact dramas of conscience, but not libidinous adventure: only a goy is allowed to shout, "I want!" like Henderson in *Henderson the Rain King*. Conscience is Jewish, appetite is Gentile. As a result, readers are persuaded to associate the Jewish hero with ethical rigor, victimization, dignified survival, sanity and renunciation. Roth insists that the novels themselves are too ambiguous and self-challenging to coincide with this paradigm, and he is more concerned with the lesson commonly if inaccurately drawn from them than with a precise analysis of their implications. He is much more severe on Bernard Malamud in this respect than upon Bellow, because he feels that Malamud's fiction is complacent in the deployment of a moral allegory, having freed itself from the ambivalence that qualifies Bellow's sense of moral discrimination. "For Malamud, generally speaking, the Jew is innocent, passive, virtuous, and this to the degree that he defines himself or is defined by others as a Jew; the Gentile, on the other hand, is characteristically corrupt, violent, and lustful, particularly when he enters a room or a store or a cell with a Jew in it."

This is merely the bare bones of an extremely formidable essay which has implications far beyond the single book it examines in any detail, *Pictures of Fidelman*. Roth has his own life to live, his case to make, and *Pictures of Fidelman* has touched him upon a nerve. When he speaks of its "light-headed dreaminess," he means not only a book by Malamud but the light heads that he, nice Jewish boy Philip Roth, has been cracking, and the dreaminess of a Jewish mythology that he has been trying to arouse to life and truth. He includes *Portnoy's Complaint* in a short list of Jewish novels which he describes as "nightmares of bondage, each informed in its way by a mood of baffled, claustrophobic struggle."

It is still an open question whether Mr. Roth has in his own fiction destroyed the stereotype of "the Jew" that enrages him; or has merely replaced one stereotype by another, that of the nice Jewish boy who plays with freedom and gets caught in its toils. It is too soon for him to shout, "Look, we have come through!" The story is not complete. In fact Roth is still baffled, as he is baffled by Saul Bellow's relation to his American audience. How can he get away with it, the American Jewish Bellow writing a story "The Old System," publishing it in *Playboy* no less, and getting off scot free, no rabbis at his throat? Roth envies Bellow the old grace or magic or urbanity that turns away the anger of rabbis; while he, the author of *Portnoy's Complaint*, is denounced in every state of the union. It is easy to assume that *Portnoy's Complaint* was a scandal (but was it really?) because, as Roth says, "a



"Mark Green's book crackles like a rifle shot, and he's right on target!"
—JOSEPH GOULDEN, author of *The Superlawyers*
$12.50

GROSSMAN PUBLISHERS
A Division of THE VIKING PRESS
625 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novel in the guise of a confession was received and judged by any number of readers as a confession in the guise of a novel." Well, let's leave it at that. In *Reading Myself and Others* Mr. Roth takes time out from fiction to say: "J'accuse."

Denis Donoghue

Denis Donoghue, author of *Third Voice* (Princeton University Press), is professor of modern English and American literature, University College, Dublin.

Trailblazer

Stranger at the Party by Helen Lawrenson

(Randon House; $8.95)

Before the civil rights movement made the term somewhat quaint, "passing" meant any black who was light enough to pass unnoticed in white society. Helen Lawrenson is a different kind of "passer"—though she once was actually taken for the black wife of her Harlem lover. (A legacy from her Seneca forbears, she says.) As a Vassar-educated journalist and party girl, she played the rebel in high society. As the politically conscious wife of a radical seamen's leader she was the only woman able to drink her husband's cronies under the table. Her great talent, she says, is for "fossicking about in different milieus, never seeking any Grail" except the company of the brave, bright and stylish. Not necessarily the style of fashion—though she supplanted Clare Boothe Luce as managing editor of *Vanity Fair* before it became *Vogue*—but of piratical panache, especially if laced with a residual honesty in personal relationships.

If power is an aphrodisiac to some, a certain type of chutzpah in a man caused the author to lay out for a staggering array of American celebrities. They included Bernard Baruch ("an obsessive conniver and manipulator"), the publisher Condé Nast ("he was cunt-crazy"), Rabbi Stephen Wise who piously recited Hebrew prayers as he tumbled her on synagogue tables, and Bumpy Johnson, a famous Harlem pimp ("I was a premature integrationist"). But she couldn't live with a man of whose politics she disapproved, so she eventually settled down with "the last of the romantics," Jack Lawrenson, co-founder of the National Maritime Union. Helen Lawrenson's book opens with a funny description of her husband's funeral in 1957, and she cannot quite resist telling us that her friends Henry and Clare Luce, Barney Baruch and Joan Crawford sent flowers. Only the author's capacity for real friendship and for loving some truly repugnant people saves her from being a snob.

Helen Lawrenson is a child of the 1920s, when sexual and social relationships in postwar America were being redefined by a generation of brash young women—Anita Loos and Dorothy Parker among others—caught between their parents' Victorian repressions and the possibilities of something more energizing. Trouble was, men still dominated the world and you had to compete on their terms. Some, like Clare Boothe Luce, the "delicate monster" and anti-heroine of Lawrenson's book, did it by playing the male game even more shrewdly and opportunistically than most men. ("Her technique was simple: aim for the top.") Others played the "feminine" card up to the hilt; until the mid-1940s, when she fell head over heels in love with Jack Lawrenson, Helen—in addition to being a successful editor and best-seller writer (*Latins Are Lousy Lovers*)—functioned as a glorified Saturday night date for the great. She contrasts her easygoing, unambitious sexuality with Luce's cold power drive. But I suspect that in her willingness to exploit her "softer" femininity, Lawrenson was much more like her friend Clare than she cares to admit.

The acid, affectionate portrait of Clare Luce is perhaps the best chapter in a book composed of magazine-length chapters. Her description of how Clare, the fragile-looking little flirt from nowhere, parlayed a shallow, nimble mind and an iron will into marriage to America's most powerful publisher and then almost into the White House as Vice President, is a fascinating dissection of the political uses of calculated femininity. Luce was a master sexual technician. She sent gardenias to herself regularly and then pretended she didn't know who sent them, blandly refused to be banished to the drawing room with the other women after dinner parties, seduced the powerful (from the Pope to Churchill) by flattering their egos, and probably never gave a second thought to marrying for love. While Helen subordinated herself to Jack Lawrenson by organizing an NMU ladies' auxiliary, Clare was playing to a worldwide audience as the Machiavellian US ambassador to Italy who bought the 1948 Italian elections for our side. Yet the author, who loyally stuck by her husband when he lost his job and almost his life during the McCarthyite hysteria, cannot resist gazing upon her right-wing doppelganger, Clare, with something like envy. This combination of malice and grudging respect makes what could have been a boring list of I-knew-them-once names into a witty, sexy memoir.

For a dozen years Lawrenson's life was tied up with the waterfront, which didn't exactly dull her taste for literary barroom brawling. I mightily enjoyed her hatchet job on Joe Curran, the ex-Communist NMU president who betrayed his former comrades and degutted the union (". . . a rough, ignorant, truculent sailor . . . with a plug-ugly face . . . small, beady, ophidian eyes . . ."). While she's at it she also settles old scores with a shooting gallery of luminaries who crossed her path or bed: the photographer Steichen ("he was good, but not that good"), John O'Hara ("an ugly drunk . . . a second-rate imitation of Scott Fitzgerald"), Noel Coward ("a slit-eyed bonze"), etc. This whole tribe of puffed-up mediocrities, Lawrenson implies, were pygmies compared to No Pants Jones, Lard Ass Jenkins and her other seaman friends.

I can understand why younger women might feel unsympathetic to Lawrenson. There is an unpleasant, bitchy side to her story. She professes to be utterly alienated from her middle-class upstate New York roots, and is coldly clinical about her parents ("shallow people who led barren lives") who divorced and then drove their next spouses into the madhouse. Worse, she cannot stand most other women. (Dorothy Parker is "over-rated.") But Lawrenson—like Loos, Parker and even Clare Luce—was one of the trailblazers of a certain kind of self-consciousness. Perhaps many of them were, in Irwin Shaw's words, "feminine as a meat axe." But they competed with the only thing they had, a sharp, edgy zest to survive the sexual insanity around them. Survivors are not always the nicest people. But they have a lot to tell us.

Clancy Sigal

Clancy Sigal, author of *Going Away* and *Weekend In Dunlock*, has just finished a new novel in London.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unmaking a President

Breach of Faith: The Fall of Richard Nixon by Theodore H. White

(Atheneum; $10.95)

Theodore White can still spin a good yarn, and the first chapter of his new book is a fast-paced and highly readable account of Nixon's *Götterdämmerung*. After that it is all downhill. The remaining chapters do little more than rehash the newspaper and magazine accounts of the Watergate cover-up and its unraveling. The book is being serialized in the May and June issues of *Reader's Digest* and is also a Book-of-the-Month Club selection; so it will no doubt be a commercial success. But as a piece of journalistic history, it is seriously flawed.

The Making of the President 1960 was, it is now clear, the high point of White's career: an insider's account and analysis of the Kennedy-Nixon election that set a standard for political journalists at the time. Since then, alas, White has traded insight for access to the chambers of the great and near-great. The preface to *The Making of the President 1972* was dated June 8, 1973; the Watergate committee hearings had begun, and the Nixon cover-up was beginning to come apart. White wrote a long prologue to that volume which, read in 1975, seems to have been designed to make up for the obvious absence of critical analysis in the balance of the manuscript. There's an ambiguous reference to "the felony of Watergate," which in retrospect seems to have been a hedge should a felony beyond that of burglary later be proven. But for the most part, the book read pretty much as if it had been compiled under the tutelage of Ron Ziegler, who (among others) the author thanked in the preface for his cooperation.

White's rhapsody in praise of Richard Nixon two years ago must surely be a source of embarrassment to him now. He credited the sage of San Clemente with "a clarity of vision and so tenacious a grip on reality that history must mark him among the great foreign-policy Presidents of the United States." Two years have since elapsed, the "peace with honor" in Vietnam has collapsed, NATO members Greece and Portugal are moving away from the United States, the Middle East remains as volatile as ever and the price of foreign oil has quadrupled. Aside from the opening to China and the continuing of détente with the Soviet Union, what other positive foreign policy legacies were left by the man White called "one of the more able minds to occupy the Presidency in our time"?

Not only did White's critical faculties fail him in examining Nixon, his sense of values in the earlier book was also somewhat distorted. Take for instance his analysis of Nixon's abuse of his power to grant executive clemency: "The President had paid a fee of indecency by releasing from Federal prison the convicted former chief of the Teamsters, James Hoffa, two days before Christmas; and a few months later he was to receive the endorsement of the 2,500,000-member Teamster Union." What the author then shrugged off as "a fee of indecency" was in fact a serious abuse of presidential power and, *a fortiori*, an impeachable offense.

At times that same sense of values is apparent in the new book. It is particularly evident in one instance where White, perhaps unintentionally, seems to be laying the groundwork for a revisonist history that will argue—as Pat Buchanan did before the Watergate committee—that Nixon and his crew were not, comparatively speaking, so bad after all. "And there is no record of any such corporation or contributors' group, from ITT to the milk producers," asserts the author, "having succeeded in buying favor from the Nixon administration or its agencies remotely comparable to the secret lease in 1922 of Naval oil reserves at Elk Hills and Teapot Dome." Has White been hibernating? Estimates of the cost to consumers of just the increased milk price supports run well into hundreds of millions of dollars. This example alone is more than "remotely comparable" to Teapot Dome both in its financial and ethical dimensions.

In the new book White recounts that he "passed successively from loathing for Richard Nixon to respect for him, then to inescapable recognition of his

LAWS AGAINST MARIJUANA

THE PRICE WE PAY

Arthur D. Hellman

Under this country's present laws, it is legitimate for the police to buy marijuana, hand it to someone, and then arrest him for possessing it! Entrapment, harassment, snooping, surveillance, and illegal entry have become a greater threat to our society than widespread use of the drug, says lawyer Hellman in this reasoned call for decriminalization. Hellman cites case after case to show that our present laws against marijuana regularly lead to gross violations of the constitutional rights of American citizens.

$10.00

An Answer to the MEDICAL MALPRACTICE and PRODUCT LIABILITY Dilemma

ENDING INSULT to INJURY

No-Fault Insurance for Products and Services

Jeffrey O'Connell
foreword by Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Skyrocketing malpractice insurance premiums are closing doctors' offices. The pattern of underpayment, waste, and delay in settling claims arising from medical malpractice and malfunctioning household products is of great concern to the consumer, the physician, and the manufacturer. In *Ending Insult to Injury*, Jeffrey O'Connell, co-originator of the no-fault auto insurance concept, proposes a workable, easily adopted plan for extending no-fault to all kinds of accidents. $7.95

at bookstores, or order from
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS
URBANA 61801

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

criminal guilt." Indeed he now seems to be trying to make up for his earlier lack of perception by being harshly critical of the disgraced President. Yet in spite of the overwhelming evidence of Nixon's criminality *and* stupidity, White still seems capable of seeing that benign apparition some used to call "the other Nixon." For example he says Nixon was "the most representative President of the twenty-year span," 1952-72: "he understood the changes going on both at home and in the world abroad; he was a man of the present with a gift for seeing ahead to the future." One could perhaps understand such a lapse of judgment two years ago, but how could White possibly endow Nixon with such gifts from the vantage point of 1975? It was precisely because Nixon did not understand the politics of this nation and failed utterly to foresee that the Watergate cover-up *had to unravel* that he was self-exiled to his St. Helena on the Pacific.

Having read most of the transcripts of the White House tapes, I was stunned when I came upon this: "All through the transcripts there is this one admirable combat quality in Nixon—he wants to stand by the men who stood by him. He will push loyalty to the furthest until, when he withdraws it, he withdraws it only to save himself." Here the author conveniently overlooks the fact that Nixon was prepared to let the prosecutors swallow "the big enchilada" (John Mitchell) even though Mitchell was loyally stonewalling for the White House and in the process committed crimes for which he has since been convicted. Similarly there was nothing in Nixon's treatment of other subordinates—Gray and Kleindienst, for example—that one could call admirable. No, it was not loyalty which restrained Nixon but timidity: he simply lacked the personal courage to do his own dirty work. Such tasks he left to the eager Haldeman, a.k.a. "The Lord High Executioner."

"The true crime of Richard Nixon," the author contends, was that "he destroyed the myth that binds America together." Which is "that somewhere in American life there is at least one man who stands for the law, the President . . . From this came a derivative myth—that the Presidency, the supreme office, would make noble any man who held its responsibility." Of course, myths by their very nature defy analysis: they simply *are*. But I find White's assertion that Nixon was driven from office because he broke the-myth-that-binds about as plausible as the reason Nixon gave for resigning: "I no longer have a strong enough political base in the Congress." I think both men are wrong and for the same reason.

Nixon and White seem to equate the presidency with the nation. One certainly hears that attitude in several of the White House tapes when Nixon argues, in effect, that the electoral votes of 49 states have given him a mandate to exercise power irrespective of the law. That was a grievous error for which he has grievously paid. But he did not fall from power because he broke some binding myth; he fell because his disregard for the law set in motion constitutional processes neither he nor his "mandate" were able to reverse. The press brought Watergate to the public's attention and often served as a catalyst, but the press alone did not hound Nixon from office. Indeed, Watergate was moribund as a political issue for a while after Nixon's reelection. Its resuscitation began after the original Watergate trial when Judge Sirica's tough sentences led to McCord's confession; that opened the way for the Ervin committee, which had a noncontroversial birth by unanimous vote in the Senate, to unravel most of the cover-up in spite of fierce White House opposition and efforts to turn the inquiry into a partisan controversy.

The firing of Archibald Cox and resignation of Elliot Richardson triggered an inquiry by the House Judiciary Committee, the outcome of which—given the evidence already on record—could only have been articles of impeachment. The Supreme Court's unanimous decision last July ordering the President to surrender the tapes that proved his complicity in the Watergate cover-up six days after the burglary made a Senate finding of guilt inevitable in the event Nixon refused to resign. (It was these constitutional processes, not, as White claims, some broken myth, that propelled Nixon from office.)

White knows Nixon was guilty and recounts much of the evidence against him, but the author's analysis of the man and events frequently does not square with what he knows to be the facts. Perhaps these lapses in judgment are the result of a hasty effort to finish first in the post-Watergate publishing sweepstakes. Harder to understand is White's substitution of myth for analysis to explain Nixon's departure. Inexcusable are his efforts at commercial melodrama in the first chapter. (A "coup d'etat" and "*putsch*" figure prominently in the author's imaginings as well as in the publisher's press release.) In sum, this is not the definitive account of Nixon's fall from power we have been waiting for.

Peter J. Ognibene

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER
Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St. New York, N.Y. 10001.

Home Delivery

Immaculate Deception by Suzanne Arms

(Houghton Mifflin; $10, $6.95 paper)

Ever wonder why women go to hospitals to have babies? Probably not. The practice has become so ingrained a custom, a basic of obstetrics and an unchallenged assumption of American health care, that most women unthinkingly choose the hospitals. Most obstetricians want it that way, and doesn't doctor know best?

In treating sick people, perhaps many physicians do know best. But that's the point about childbirth: in the normal delivery, neither the mother nor baby are sick in any way. It is not true that normal birth is a precarious life-or-death event, with high risk dangers that only the all-knowing obstetrician can handle. Instead, as Suzanne Arms argues in this instructive and well written account of childbirth in America, subtitled "*A New Look at Women and Childbirth in America*," "it is time for American women to examine the theory and practice of hospital birth long before labor ever begins. We must question the medical community's insistence that laboring women give birth in the doctor's institution, the American hospital; and we must ask why healthy women are treated as sick 'patients' simply because they have *entered* the hospital."

As with many who stake out new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

positions, Suzanne Arms wasn't much aware of the horrors of the accepted way until she was victimized by it. In this instance, she suffered a long, painful, drugged and frightening labor. "[When] I finally got up the nerve to question my doctor about it . . . I realized an entire system of medical procedures and interferences had been established to treat normal birth as a risky, dangerous, painful and abnormal process in which pregnant women have no choice other than to submit graciously."

Hospital administrators and obstetricians have businesses, habits and prestige to protect, so few of them are likely to take seriously the discussion presented by Arms. The tactic is an old one: put the innovator on the defensive, make this or that fugitive appear strange and thus take attention away from the abnormalcy they are fleeing. At this moment, Arms' case against the hospitals and for the alternative of home births is built more on attitudes than facts. Statistics don't exist, for example, on whether infants taken from the mother by forceps—the "iron hands" with such a sure grip—suffer more brain damage or neurological impairment than infants born at home. And we will never know if a baby born of a mother drugged during labor will be damaged in ways he would not have been had the labor been drugless. Some statistics are available: according to Arms, "a 1965 study of ten Western industrialized countries shows that Holland had an infant mortality rate of 14.4 per 1000 births at a time when the U.S. had a rate of 24.7. In that year 97.4 percent of all American births took place in hospitals, while only 31.4 percent of Dutch births was institutionalized. As the only nation in the study with *both* low mortality statistics and a comparatively low incidence of hospital births, Holland is of special interest to anyone concerned with the quality of birth in America."

A common reaction among physicians and laymen to home birth is the question, "what if complications arise?" This is often little more than a scare tactic, because complicated births—by far the exception—are easily predicted. For these births the hospital is a necessity. After that, the complications that need to be worried about are the ones imposed by the hospital. As Arms notes, "at least 90 percent of all birthing mothers can have normal, spontaneous births and have healthy babies." The 90 percent figure may be conservative. The case that Arms makes forcefully but fairly—she is not hostile to the nation's 19,000 obstetricians, many of whom also regret what has befallen their profession—is that "birthing mothers have given up their responsibility in *normal* birth to obstetricians, who have then turned the normal into the abnormal for the sake of preventive procedures, which in turn have caused greater [but more predictable] risk, and this in turn has required even more preventive technology to interfere further with what was once a natural and uncomplicated process requiring no interference at all . . . It would be fine if the interferences created by obstetrical medicine were as appropriate for the healthy mother as they are at times helpful to the high-risk mother. But the truth is that in at least 90 percent of all births, these interferences are unnecessary, costly, and in many cases damaging to either mother or child, or both."

That may scare the impressionable woman into the hospital—and such presumed protections as the fetal heart monitor, hormones to induce labor and drugs as anesthetics—but as Arms states "at least 90 percent of all birthing mothers can have normal, spontaneous births and have healthy babies." The strength of *Immaculate Deception* is what it tells us about the alternative. It is less a matter of pitting hospital births against home births but of informing women—and their males who choose to stay involved beyond impregnation—of the options. Arms tells of several California midwives and doctors who assist at home births. They are not your medical quacks selling whole earth birthing but people who insist on seeing themselves as participants in a healthy process. Arms writes that "home birth is a natural choice, not for all couples but for many couples, and today doctors either deal honestly with this fact or avoid the issue entirely and forget they are in a service profession. Home birth is a safe choice for women who consciously prepare for birth, who receive careful prenatal care and screening, and who call in a skilled attendant to assist them. The only reasonable argument left today that can be stated against home birth is that it is too simple and inexpensive a solution for a complex society as ours. And perhaps that is the real reason why home birth is no longer a choice in America."

But it is a choice. Figures are unavailable but by word of mouth one hears of women who are returning to the ways of their grandmothers and bearing babies at home. Occasionally mention is made of an obstetrician who will be happy to assist at a birth in the bed of the mother. The medical community would like to label all this "a movement"—the better to deal with it, because then home birth can be attacked as an ideology, not as a practice that rational people are choosing because it is sensible, safe and inexpensive. For now, it doesn't matter how large a number of women are bearing their young at home. It is important only that a statement like *Immaculate Deception* is available for women who want a choice in the way their own bodies operate.

Colman McCarthy

Colman McCarthy is a member of the editorial page staff of *The Washington Post*. His forthcoming book is *Inner Comparisons* (Acropolis).

The Sharing of Land and Resources In America

Peter Barnes' six-part series on the distribution of land and wealth in America is now available as a 64-page booklet. Price [including postage and handling]:

1-10 — $2 per copy
11-50 — $1.50
over 50 — $1

Address orders to

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036
prepaid orders only
D. C. residents add 5% tax

WRITERS WHY WAIT?
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS
. . . and get expert editing, design, manufacture, publicity, promotion and advertising—all under one roof at low costs. Two **free books** and literature give details and success stories. Write or call Dept. 107
EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
(516) 822-5700

Book Publishing
Manuscripts invited for prompt review and terms of publication. All subjects. Professional editing, design, production and marketing since 1920. Send inquiry or manuscript, or call (215) 563-3553. Ask for free *Authors' Guide* B-87.
DORRANCE & COMPANY
1617 J.F. Kennedy Blvd. Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sea Spun Tale

Far Tortuga
by Peter Matthiessen

(Random House; $10.95)

Peter Matthiessen says that he worked on this virtuoso novel about a sea turtle fishing voyage in the Caribbean for nine years, put it aside many times but never tired of it. He pared the work down, he said, made it "so simple that metaphors, stream-of-consciousness, even such ordinary conventions of the novel as 'he said' or 'he thought,' seemed intrusive, even offensive, and a great impediment, besides. . . ." The author opened the book up to white space, "more air around the words." Some pages carry only one or two words. Small sentences sail across the page like flying fish. Men's deaths are lonely splotches of ink at the bottom of a page. All this accumulates in a design that is handsome, unusual and welcome.

The writing style is that of a poetic screenplay. Characters have no thoughts, they only speak; and there are no quotation marks around the speech. Quotes are indented. Asides and whispers are printed in small type and there is no attribution of remarks to anyone by the author. The characters all speak in Caribbean dialects, which are presumably varied but sound similar on first reading, and which have a melodic and implicitly comedic element to them on the printed page:

> *So I'm telling you dat a bad memory is a disasterish thing to a person in life. With no remembrance, a mon cannot learn. To me—I'm not makin bragado or anything—but I know every rock out on de banks, like my own dooryard. It were Copm Andrew Avers dat taught me, and come to pilotin, he were the island's best.*

As in some of Claude Mauriac's work we must discover the identity of the speaker from internal evidence. Matthiessen helps us out by having his people call one another by name fairly often, but this is a substitute form that obtrudes more than would a phrase like "the captain said," which we barely notice because of its familiarity.

Matthiessen, interviewed in *The Paris Review* briefly about this novel, admits that in the early pages (the first 100, at least), you are not always sure which man is speaking, but later on you are. This is true enough, but three-quarters through, though he has defined all his characters, there is still occasional confusion, and the method finally proves more vexing than Matthiessen suggests. Esthetic consistency triumphs, but with a certain expense of comprehension.

The book's form has impelled James Dickey to suggest that it points the way "that the English-speaking sensibility must and should go, from this book on . . . the way of passionate impressionism." Matthiessen, says Dickey, "is creating our new vision."

Dickey's enthusiasm is shared by a slate of well known writers who, taken together on the book's jacket, surely comprise the heavyweight blurb round-up of the year. Eleanor Clark, Stephen Becker, Lillian Hellman, William Styron and even our foremost literary hermit, Thomas Pynchon, all wax rhapsodic over the novel, not like Dickey, on innovative grounds, but about the power of the story.

Matthiessen's writing and structural styles do set the book apart. But French experimenters in recent years have offered more radical stylistic departures from fictional conventions. Joyce did away with quotation marks an age ago. E. E. Cummings, Dylan Thomas and a whole generation of modern poets have diddled with linear irregularity, the line as sculpture, as impression. Steve Katz sculpted a novel with type. Ronald Sukenick was ahead of Matthiessen in the prodigal use of white space.

Where Matthiessen is truly strong and most original is in his command of detail. This is not a book that could have been written by a young man, not even a precocious one. It is the work of a mature writer with a poetic bent who

The Lady of the Castle

Venus Pudica stands, bent. Where her hand is
Cupping her marble mound a mystery has
Come into being as the sculptor hides what
Stone could not show yet,

Nor bronze expound. The goddess may be guarding
Herself, or in a special mode of pointing
Out (should we call it "curving in"?) her temple,
Teaching her children

The central and precious, where they may be found.
Or indeed, as the girls say, she is hiding
Nothing, nor instructing—she is caressing
That which she barely

Touches, warming those feelings which for her are
Wisdom blossoming even within marble.
What her maker buried she loves, and thereby
We are revealed it.

Far in the minimal North, some contracted
Hand or eye has carved into senseless clunch an
Impudent and schematic presence, done in
Primal intaglio,

A circle head perched on a larger circle
Of lady body, spidery legs drawn up
And outward showing off on the church tower
Under the clock, and

Cut in a sort of Linear C, her slit.
Her hands touch nothing but her knees held open.
It is not she who joys in it, nor teaches;
But from beneath her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has lived with the sea for much of a lifetime. He knows the nomenclatures and moods of its wave, its spray, its temper, its skies, its winds, its creatures, its birds. He knows the Caribbean sailor's fears, superstitions, jokes and dreams. He knows the lore of turtle fishing, the stories of wrecks and wrong decisions by captains. His achievement is, foremost, in the realm of experience—vast experience—transformed.

He illuminates brilliantly the vanishing profession of turtle fishing as well as the land and sea life of the turtles themselves. The turtles have been so ravaged by greedy men, one of Matthiessen's characters says, that they are going the way of crocodiles, seals, snipes and iguana, and are now a declining species in the sea off Nicaragua, where this doomed fishing expedition takes place.

The crumbling craft is the schooner *Lillias Eden* out of Grand Cayman, and it has a bent shaft, no running lights, no fire equipment, no chronometer, no lifejackets. Its lines are frayed, its food is dismal and there is no cook. One of its two small boats leaks, its radio receives but cannot send messages. The nine-man crew, with the exception of one ambitiously good worker who yearns to work the land, not the sea, is rag-tag: a garrulous drunk, a drifter in love with violence, a teenage innocent, a Jonah figure with second sight who reads the multiple omens and perceives the disasters to come, and other assorted lechers, thieves and malcontents of black, brown and white skins.

The captain is Raib Avers, the one truly complex figure in the story, who like Ahab is the reason the voyage is undertaken at all, and who will make many crucial decisions. But unlike Ahab, Raib is not questing but maniacally pursuing the only life he knows, refusing to be reduced to an anachronism.

Raib knows it is late in the season for turtles. He knows the craft is sick, the crew scum. But he says he will make a real crew of them and to a degree he does. Even the worst try to perform well when trouble strikes, and when the arduous turtling finally begins.

Through the boring sail south toward the turtle cays (the reader may follow the voyage on an endpapers map) the crew members tell one another tall tales of mirth and tragedy. They rag each other, complain about Raib, fight, sing sea songs, report on duppies and other ghosts, such as a notable talking hen with teeth, and, through the conflict this closeness generates, they all slowly individualize under Matthiessen's hand.

None, however, achieves the personal density of Capt. Raib Avers, who is mercurial, intelligent, likable, feared. He is partly mysterious. Was he a pirate? (The book is finally a superb pirate story). Did he burn a ship once for insurance? Is his enemy—Desmond Eden—really his half-brother? The family relationships are a strong point of the story—Raib and his son Buddy, the teenage innocent who is always seasick; Raib and the vicious Desmond; Raib and his father, Capt. Andrew, who comes aboard the *Eden* from Desmond's boat in one of the book's most memorable scenes—tied to a chair and swinging from a boom in mid-air between Raib's and Desmond's vessels. The old man has suffered a stroke, been struck silent, and Desmond no longer wants him. He presents a problem to Raib as well, since the voyage of the *Eden* has only half begun. And so old Capt. Andrew spins in the chair, white hair flying, awaiting his fate.

Perhaps this is one of the passionate, impressionistic moments that so impressed Dickey. There are others: the refugees from Jamaican poverty who inhabit certain cays, going wild with hunger, rum and the absence of civilization (and who ultimately play such a significant role in the story), racing in skiffs toward the *Eden* as it passes, anxious to trade rum for food. But Raib, knowing what they're like, slings their line away when they toss it to the *Eden* and screams at them:

"Pan-head niggers! Get de hell away!"

Raib has already explained his coldness of heart in this matter:

A very well-hung personage indeed is
Climbing up toward her, as if far from having
Merely no words for things, their sculptor had no
Method of using

Images for them: no things, only actions.
And thus translated into language her wedge
Would be a "Let's-get-up-on-her-and-in-there."
Hieroglyphic

Of nature's own cuneiform, she sits high
But almost hiding in the irrelevance
Of a religious building now to the young
Mums of the village

Who have been shown and known too many times to
Care about bodily wisdom, to read these
Marks, or sparks of instruction other than the
Quivering telly.

Ignored, then, or misread by mythographers
—Myopically concluding that a corpus
Christi lies beneath a bungled cross—as a
Crude Deposition,

She with her terrible thin cut is not to
Be any the less feared by those who read signs
And remember instances of their wide truths
Narrowed in darkness:

Hers is the closed door into the stone again.
The soft traps having long since sprung, the marble
Self-adoring dolls long crumbled, hers is the
Linear kingdom.

John Hollander

John Hollander is the author most recently of *The Head of the Best* (Godine).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern time, mon.

The people in this book are all victims of the modern time, whether they be headed for savagery or ruination, really two sides of the same coin; for the conflict is between the used-to-haves and the never-hads, a prevailing struggle in so much of the world; and in this sense the book is a modern parable.

There is also the deft, realistic delineation of the people, all very vivid. And yet there is a strange one-dimensionality about them all, except Raib. He alone makes the decisions, acts capriciously and is thrust into an internal conflict made truly visible—conflict with his father, son, crew, his enemy, with the sea, the winds, the aged ship. The other people are subordinate to him, but also victims, partially, of Matthiessen's restrictive style of storytelling. However vivid the impressionistic strokes, the people exist, like the customers in Harry Hope's bar in O'Neill's *Iceman*, as types, each with diverse function, but never transcending that function the way Hickey transcends, or Raib transcends. What they are at the outset they remain at the end. There are hints of change, but since Matthiessen's style is to enter no one's head, we can see only behavior, the manifestation of internal conflict. The result is what even good cinema so often is—memorable but uncomplex.

Raib is different: Matthiessen gives us a long look at the man in transition and conflict and also lets him periodically explain himself with crude eloquence:

. . . I tellin you now, boy, dat I bitter. Dere are days when I very, very bitter. Cause I wore myself out to get to de place where I de best dey is in the main fishery of de island, and now dat fishery don't mean nothin. No, mon. De schooners all gone and de green turtle goin. I got to set back and watch dem ones grow big on de Yankee tourist trade dat would not have amounted to a pile of hen shit in times gone back. I got to swaller dat.

And a crewman answers:

Modern time, mon.

The turtles are scarce for Raib and his crew, and so he heads his ship for the uncharted Misteriosa reefs, where, they say, the green turtle abounds. But it is far out to sea. Bad reef. Heavy tides. Far Tortuga, it is called, and maybe it doesn't really exist, that abundance. Maybe Far Tortuga really is only a myth.

But Raib has a theory that it does exist, and so the story that had begun slowly, and in a seemingly disjointed way, finally comes together in a spectacular, fully earned finale at Far Tortuga, where the destiny of Raib Avers and the men of the schooner *Lillias Eden* is resolved, not by caprice but by dint of their own acts, their own needs, their own decrepit condition. And Matthiessen's art prevails.

William Kennedy

William Kennedy's novel *Legs* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) was published this month.

Fine Print

Crichton's Great Adventure Story

Doris Grumbach

Educated readers always have a problem of conscience with crime and suspense stories. They feel guilt at enjoying them so much, and seek intellectual explanation of their appeal to them. Well, they need seek no longer, for Michael Crichton's wonderful crime-suspense-Victorian-cultural history, **The Great Train Robbery** (Knopf; $7.95) combines the pleasures, guilt and delight of a novel of gripping entertainment with healthy slices of instruction and information interlarded.

Crichton is a young writer (33), son of the writer Kyle Crichton. He apparently has everything going for him: a medical degree from Harvard, looks and height (he is 6 ft. 9 inches), and an extraordinary talent for story-telling. He began his writing career with thrillers written under another name when he was still a medical student, torn between science and fiction. He wrote a good book about his experiences at Massachusetts General Hospital, *Five Patients*, went on to a science fiction bestseller, *The Andromeda Strain*, which became a successful motion picture and involved him in the making of movies; he now lives in Los Angeles, writes for movies in Hollywood.

What he has done in this new book is extraordinary because it is authentic. Anyone who wanted to write a novel based upon England's 1855 train robbery that stunned the Victorians (contemporary accounts called it "The Crime of the Century" and "The Most Sensational Exploit of the Modern Era") could have done so from the court trial records and from a careful perusal of the classic *London Labour and the London Poor* written by Henry Mayhew in 1861-1862. Indeed I suspect Chrichton may have resorted to Mayhew to find some of the criminal class jargon he uses so convincingly, or to Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Historical Slang*.

Having done his research so well, and using it in a way that convinces the reader he knows the culture of Victorian England, he has produced a cannot-put-it-down narrative about all the events that led up to the daring and successful robbery. It is a fascinating crime story during which you are involved in step-by-step strategies of a master criminal, in this case Edward Pierce, upper-class, well-to-do thief, a man of high intelligence, great patience, an infinite capacity for detail. When asked at his trial why he did the robbery, he responded with the simplicity of which only a complex mind is capable: "I wanted the money."

Crichton is talented and canny. He makes no attempt to "analyze" or "understand" his characters. He gives us his thieves, his "skippers" (people who sleep in outhouses and barns at night), his "canaries" and "dolls" straight, letting us listen to them talk in authentic street slang of the time, and educating us, incidentally, in the ways they live and make a living. We do not so much understand them—there is no fakery about the criminal mind or sociological overlay about the terrible effects of poverty on the criminal mind—as we watch them, delighting in their ingenuity, and yes, wickedly urging them on to success.

While we see how it was done, and stand by while it is being done, we learn about such matters as a "carriage fleecement," a trick of using an attractive women to engage the butler of a wealthy house at the curb with a question about direction while two "lurkers" get into the house, make impressions of keys in wax and slip out again. We discover the Victorian belief that the way to cure venereal disease is to have intercourse with a virgin, a piece of dogma that works to the thieves' advantage. More intriguing still is the evidence about the fear of premature burial that preoccupied both England and the United States. A piece of the plot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hangs upon this curious piece of social history: in 1852, in response to this Edgar Allen Poe-ish fear, a man named George Batseon invented an inexpensive alarm system, a bell mounted on the outside of the coffin from which two wires ran inside to the finger and toe of the corpse. The slightest stiring of the dead would ring the bell.

The object of the great robbery was the money that was on its way to the Crimea, the army payroll to be exact, during that war. It is "grifted," no, "gafted," no, "tooled." Whatever it is, the "pogue," that is the object of the whole scheme, is a seemingly impossible "lay" (job). But it works; and we are delighted that it does.

You learn more, you find out something about the sporting events of the day, including "ratting sports" in which a "fancy dog" or a most excellent "made dog" is sent into a ring to kill a rat against wagers as to how long it will take. You can be educated in "a bit of snow," which is stealing clean laundry drying on a line, or a hedge. You can see what it's like, in all its gory detail, to attend a "topping" at Newgate prison, that is, a hanging. You can look into the Victorian interest in *creating* ruined gardens. You will be right there, running with the "miltonians" (police), or the "kinchin lay" (robbing children), listening to "beefers" (complainers) who may be "glocky (crazy) or "lushington" (drunk) with "reeb" (beer), or dressed in "crusher's dunnage" (a policeman's uniform to help along the gaff).

You may have noticed that I have no beef with any aspect of *The Great Train Robbery*, neither the writing nor the research nor the choice of subject. Sure, there is some fiction mixed in with the facts. No one could have known for sure all that Crichton tells us; he has said in an interview that he addded to the number of keys required to pull off the pogue, among other inventions. As a physical entity the book is fine, with lovely woodcuts of the train on the cover and as chapter leads. It couldn't have been more fittingly and elegantly produced, except for the cover that may sell the book but is out of tone with the rest of the production. (It looks like a cover for *The Little Engine That Could*, or whatever that Little Golden Book was called.) But this is a minor cavil; the cover may get lost. The book will be widely read, much enjoyed, and without doubt make a first-rate adventure movie. Lay on, Master Redford, *The Sting* is *nothing* next to *this* glocky straightaway haul.

Correspondence

All This— And Jaworski Too

To the editors:

Walter Pincus' lineup of those who have not yet been summoned to answer for their complicitous Watergate conduct (*TNR*, May 24) should include Leon Jaworski, whose transgressions are the more reprehensible since his job as special prosecutor was, at least putatively, to uncover transgressions.

As a replacement for Archibald Cox, Jaworski was not hired by Nixon thumbing through the Yellow Pages. He was first thoroughly ideologically x-rayed and his amenability to adjust to the unique circumstances at hand was critically assayed. By its very nature his appointment made him a conspirator since it implicitly enjoined that he inflict less harm on Nixon than Cox was poised to do. As we all did, he knew that for Nixon to have chosen him to continue along the same lines as Cox would have been as a condemned man ordering his executioner with which side of the blade to perform the beheading.

The considerable damage he did to Nixon was but a bustling continuation of Cox's work, which an alert and intact staff of Cox loyalists would not suffer to be thwarted. But when the opportunity was his to exercise an independent judgment, he betrayed the staff. The staff had, with care and skill, presented evidence to the grand jury sufficient for it to conclude that Nixon was the main culprit, and the grand jury dutifully named him a conspirator. Constituting himself a one-man United States Supreme Court, and with neither tradition nor precedent to guide him, Jaworski decided a grand jury could not indict a sitting President who, he said, could be brought to justice only through the laborious impeachment process.

By an identical arrogation of authority, Jaworski yielded yet another immunity to Nixon. President Ford's pardon of Nixon stirred a clamor on the part of many constitutional authorities that a pardon that precedes a judgment of guilt is unconstitutional and for Jaworski to challenge the pardon's legality by indicting Nixon. Jaworski here made the lonesome decision that the pardon was legal—and that he did not need the United States Supreme Court to tell him so.

The mercies that twice spared Nixon from indictment resulted from the paradox of the executive arm of government (of which the special prosecutor is a part) being allowed to judge for and by itself what the law is—a function clearly the judiciary's. But this anomaly that enabled checks and balances to be avoided would not have deterred an impartial special prosecutor from carrying the issues to the proper forum for adjudication. Considering their historic importance it would, in fact, have been an honor.

When Jaworski resigned,he recommended Henry Ruth to succed him and Ruth was appointed. This was a final act of faith to Nixon inasmuch as Ruth openly concurred in Jaworski's views on indicting Nixon. It ensured that Nixon would enjoy the equivalency of spectatorship at a trial in which he should have been the central figure and wherein his voice on tapes was heard to proclaim his own guiltful helmsmanship, reminding us that justice had been obstructed.

Jacob S. Hurwitz
Woodmere, NY

A Citizen's Guide to Nuclear Power

Ralph E. Lapp's three-part series on the nuclear plant controversy and Mr. Lapp's earlier article "Where Will We Get the Energy?" are now available as a 68-page booklet, including a previously unpublished introduction by the author. Price (including postage and handling):

1-10—85 cents per copy
10-50—75 cents
over 50—65 cents

Address orders to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th Street, NW • Washington, DC 20036

Prepaid orders only
D.C. residents add 5% tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Et tu Ford?

To the editors:
You have convinced me: Nixon made Gerald Ford his Vice President, just as the Roman emperor Caligula made his horse a senator. Fortunately for the Romans the horse never became emperor.

Jon Wiener
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

In and Out of School

To the editors:
I am afraid your article on the schools by Joseph Featherstone ["In and Out of School." *TNR*, March 29] is hardly any help. Yes, schools kick kids out for what seems to be silly reasons, yet the reason given is usually only the final straw. This is quite different. I have never seen a student kicked out for the reasons given unless the student had been given chance after chance to shape up and had, time and again, refused to do so.

The truth is that our schools have a fairly large percentage of alienated students. In all too many cases the kids feel the school has nothing to offer to them and in many cases, sadly, they are more correct than wrong in that assumption.

I do not think our schools will become better places unless we have the guts to talk about the school conditions that really matter. These are many, but briefly here are a few:

1.) We need to ask how many kids can a teacher really teach? Teacher organizations now and then timidly ask for not more than 20 in a classroom. Yet I question if there is a school that has that many in a classload that ever gets all the children to move as they should move. Yet in some of our country schools where we have few children we do have places where there are only 10 or so in the first and second grades. . . . This is costly as the schools that reach this are spending around $2000 per child. But there are no reading failures with this class load.

The catch, of course, is that teacher salaries are around 70 percent of the school budget and to reduce the classload so that school can be a happy experience for both kids and teachers would at least double our present tax costs for schools.

2.) If the administrators can't get classloads to the needed point, then how can we expect teachers to cope with troublemakers? The answer of course is to boot kids out.

3.) Dr. James Conant a few years back found from questionaires that almost all schools (high schools) were far below the recommended standards in almost all areas. Yet these standards are scanty at best. One counselor for every 300 kids, not more than 100 students per day for an English teacher, 10 books per child in the library. If most of the schools in the country are below rather than above minimum standards, then what can we expect from the schools except minimum results?

4.) There seem to be no surveys of any kind on how many really handicapped children there are who are not being served by our schools, and, if they are not being served, who is going to help them? Sadly no one. We have this year for the first time a class for what are known as educable mentally retarded in our high school to serve the county. There are only a dozen such students of high school age in a county population of more than 20,000. The program is costly since the kids have to be brought together from same distance. I expect the cost per child is around $4000.

There are no estimates of how many handicapped children schools can not reach in standard programs: the visually handicapped, the bilingual, the hard of hearing, etc. We do have programs for the blind and the deaf, but we seldom have tests to find the visually handicapped or the partially hearing child. If there are enough hands in the classroom then a good teacher can spot the child who has special problems; but if there are not enough teachers to do a good job of regular teaching, then no one can detect the partially handicapped child. If there are no special programs for the child then what point is there to identify the child?

I am afraid the cost of really doing the kind of teching job that needs to be done would run to about three times what is now spent. Money alone is hardly an answer since what money can do would depend on how much is going to be available over a period of years, and mostly we don't work that way. Under Johnson's Great Society all sorts of innovative programs did get underway, but most of these have fallen by the wayside. It is a lot easier to damn the schools as Featherstone has done than to pinpoint how to overcome the problems. What we do know is that Beverly Hills High has one of the finest money situations and teaching situations in the world. The salary level is far above most schools; they have 10,000 applications a year from teachers, and 90 percent of the kids go over voluntarily to summer school. Money can do wonders if it has a real chance. Sadly I know of nowhere where similar results take place in poorsville.

Howard Rogers
The Dalles, Ore.

In reply:
Mr. Rogers is entirely right that schools need more support, and that very few people (including many of the reformers now pressing schools to take on new responsibilities) have any idea of how expensive decent programs are. The Children's Defense Fund report, *Children Out of School*, did not address these issues, however. It was pointing out that schools are refusing to serve large numbers of children—and I'm not sure the word I'd use for their motives in doing this would be "silly." The children in poorsville certainly could use a more expensive education; they would also benefit by a review of school exclusion policies.

Joseph Featherstone

Partisanship

To the editors:
In his review (*TNR*, April 12, 1975) of Theodore Sorensen's recent book on the presidency, Victor Gold stresses what he considers to be Sorensen's partisan and personal biases. Gold writes: "neither do we 'learn' from Watergate through texts that face up only to that part of the lesson that gives comfort to an author's partisan predispositions." As long as Gold is so intent on having us remember that Sorensen worked in John Kennedy's White House, it might have been only fair to identify Gold in the review not only as a "syndicated columnist" but also as former Vice President Agnew's press secretary.

Jeffrey L. Pressman
Watertown, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abortion & the Press

To the editors:
Now that Suffolk Superior Court Judge James P. McGuire has let stand the jury convicton of Dr. Kenneth C. Edelin on a manslaughter charge, I wonder if Nathan Lewin still thinks the "overwhelming Catholic" jury was the reason for the original verdict? ("Abortion and Dr. Edelin," *TNR*, Mar. 1, 1975)

The press was very unfair in this trial. My scrapbook has articles in which the press reported a "not guilty" verdict while the jury was still out. I complained to one newspaper and the editor wrote to me that I had taken "a cheap shot" at his reporter. He added that he was sure that she, the reporter, had learned her lesson and would not do that again!

When the verdict was announced the entire press corps was confused and upset and that is when the Catholic slur was inserted because someone had to take the blame for the bias of the press and what a "patsy" the Catholic Church has become!

Charles L. Murphy
Quincy, Mass.

For the Record

To the editors:
The events and facts noted and characterized (for example, as "sanguinary madness") by Benjamin Welles ("High-Risk Diplomacy," *TNR*, Mar. 22) could be the occasion of a deeper understanding of the contemporary world and the role of our nation in it. Unfortunately the romantic prose style clothes an interpretation lacking in both historical depth and an appreciation for contemporary interinstitutional relationship.

For example what kind of accuracy is attained by labeling Latin American rebels "political fanatics," "criminals," members of Hitler-like "death squads"? Will such a style of writing help or hinder us in our attempts to understand these persons and their actions?

Can one speak of the 1968 "murder" of the US ambassador in Guatemala without any reference to the events of 1954 and the subsequenty history of continual bloodshed in that country? Guatemalans involved in this death found the meaning of their act in the historical sequence initiated by the United States in 1954.

Now that the public record is bulging with facts that detail the coordination and cooperation between our highest executive office, cabinet officers, federal agencies, the military and the "private" sector—as seen most dramatically in the latest in a long list of Latin American tragedies, Chile—it seems somewhat incomplete to state simply that official personnel are "Americans serving the government overseas. . . ."

Lee Hoinacki
Springfield, Ill.

Kauffmann, *from page 20*
has rushed in to tear the scale from our eyes—600 years after Boccaccio. His conviction of revelation deafens him to his sometimes silly writing and blinds him to his always clumsy construction. This is the second Scully play I've seen, and it confirms that he is one more ambitious playwright whose impulse toward truth is turned to falsity by inadequate ability and immaturity of view. For all its intentions, *Little Black Sheep* is about as veracious as a 1930s George Abbott farce, and Edward Payson Call has directed this religious exposé rather like a second-rate Abbott. (No pun.)

The relevance to Papp is that once again he is willing to take the intent for the deed, if in fact he is able to distinguish. Because Scully wanted to write a serious play about the place of the Church in modern life and vice versa, Papp evidently assumes that that's what Scully actually did, and is unable or unwilling to see how widely the mark has been missed. If we can judge by the recent past, Papp will now blame the poor reception of this play on the opposition of critics and public to his vigorous policy of truth-telling.

Polly (Chelsea Theater Center). Four years ago the CTC did, poorly, John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*, and now they have done, lavishly, the sequel that Gay wrote in 1729 but which was not produced for almost 50 years because of political censorship. It's very mild stuff today, at least as adapted by Robert Kalfin. Polly Peachum follows the charming rascal Macheath to the West Indies, and in place of the biting mirror-world satire of Part One, we get sentimental comedy comparing the silly English colonials with the Indians—the Noble Savages who figure so prominently in English drama of the late 18th and early 19th century. The dialogue is studded with paste diamonds and, what's worse, the music is much inferior to *The Beggar's Opera*. There are a few good songs, like the duet between Polly and an Indian prince when both are tied to the same stake; but mostly it's just remembered rhythms and unmemorable tunes.

Kalfin has directed with that absence of ease and of dexterity that attends him whatever the period he works in. Macheath is once more played by Stephen D. Newman whose grace and force still elude me. The one strong member of the cast is Patricia Elliott, the Jenny Diver. As she did in *The Water Hen* at CTC and in Claire Bloom's two Ibsen productions, Elliott continues to impress me as an actress of beauty and quality, insufficiently appreciated. She and Robert U. Taylor's scenery are the best elements in the production.

The Classifieds

Personals

SEARCHING FOR MEANING? The Socrates Club newsletter deals with basic themes. Members correspond and meet with each other. Trial membership now open. $15.00. Dues refundable. The Socrates Club, 2801 Far Hills Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45419

ALL 23 DENENBERG GUIDES IN ONE BOOK! Formerly $1 each. Now in the *Shoppers Guide Book* to life, health, auto and homeowners insurance, doctors, dentists, lawyers, pensions, etc. Send only $3.50 to Shoppers Guidebook, 813 National Press Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20045

END TELEPHONE EMBARRASSMENT WITH SOUND BARRIER! Telephone privacy is assured by pressing small "Privacy Button" that achieves positive cut-off allowing you to talk to others, or stop noises in same room without interrupting calling party. Saves time, explanations, embarrassment of being overheard. Installs in seconds, completely legal, no connecting wires, no monthly charge. Fully guaranteed. $4.95 plus 50¢ postage & handling. Specify model & color: Black, white, beige, green. 871: General Telephone & Automatic Electric. 771: Bell and Western Electric (except princess and trimline). Sherrill Enterprises, D5N, 411 W. 105 St., Los Angeles, CA 90003.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, CULTURED, fiftyish lady, Hagerstown-Pittsburgh area, liberal politics, committed Christian, seeks male counterpart, preferably widower, 50-65, primarily to share social events. New Republic Box 6960

SINGLE MALE'S COMPANIONSHIP SOUGHT. *Canoe quiet Northwest waters*, share readings, feelings with gal 52. Academic, planning country home. P.O. Box 5351, Eugene, Oregon 97405. (Due to an error, the above ad appeared with the wrong box number in a previous issue. Please write again.)

IDEAS FOR FATHER'S DAY: Executive Knocking Block, $3.50 Odds of Poker Plaque, $5.00; membership on Board of Directors, Shady Enterprises (framed certificate), $5.00. WRY IDEAS, Rye, N.Y. 10580

LADIES BLUE DENIM or cordoroy purse spectacle case. $3 PP. Freedom Optical, PO Box 443, Malvern, Pa., 19355

THE SCHOOL DROP OUT RATE for American Indian children of the Southwest remains extraordinarily high. Help keep a Navajo or Pueblo child in school and make a personal friend for only $15 per month. Write for information to Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109

Bumperstickers

KENNEDY '76. *Bumperstrips*, 3/$1.00. Buttons, 3/$1.00 ECHO, 136 Churchill Road, Fairfield, Connecticut 06432

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Games

SHANTI - The Game of Lasting Peace. Beautiful hand silk-screened playing cloth, Indian figurines & seashell markers. Educational/Non-competitive. $12.75. Kanthaka Press, Box 696, Brookline Village, Mass. 02147.

Literature

NEW BOSTON REVIEW - June issue interview with Susan Sontag. Subscription $3. 109 Museum Street, Cambridge, MA 02138.

NEITHER REFORMATION NOR REVOLUTION. Book explains why schools won't change. Kendall-Hunt Publishing, 2460 Kerper Blvd., Dubuque, Iowa 52001.

CHINA'S FOREIGN TRADE, new in 1975, focuses on goods China exports to foreign countries. Illustrations in color. Quarterly, direct from Peking. Send $3/year to CHINA BOOKS & PERIODICALS, Dept NR, 2929-24th Street, San Francisco CA 94110. Free catalog on request.

ROCKEFELLER AND HIS ANTI-COMMUNIST FAKE LIBERAL AND REAL RIGHT WING AGENTS in the media (New York Times through National Review), government (Mansfield-Humphrey through Henry Jackson), the Unions (Woodcock through Meany), etc., many of whom are members of Rockefeller's Council on Foreign Relations, Commission on Critical Choices, Domestic Council, Tri-Lateral Commission, and CIA are plotting the Fascist looting of the human race through the genocidal slave labor strategy of Nazi Finance Minister Hjalmar Schacht. Read about the fight to stop their morally hideous and totally unnecessary imposition of international austerity, starvation, plague and war. *New Solidarity*, Marxist newspaper of the U.S. Labor Party. 20 issue introductory subscription $3.00 Box 1972, G.P.O. New York, New York 10001

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

POEMS by Dr. Carl Faber, USLA Psychologist/lecturer. Send $3.95 plus 55¢ postage/handling (California residents 80¢). Perseus Press, Box 1221, Pacific Plaisades, California 90272

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full year $12.50, student $7.50)

SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW OF BOOKS. *Monthly. 75¢, subscription $8.25.* 2140 Vallejo, San Francisco, California 94123

Literary Services

BOOKS PRINTED - Your story, poetry or non-fiction at low cost. Superior workmanship. Paperback or hardbound. Professionally typeset or offset. Free information, samples. Pinehill Press, 706 East 6th, Freeman, S.D. 57029

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details. Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

Home Instructions

LEARN TO READ FRENCH, German, Italian or Spanish WITHOUT MEMORIZING ANYTHING. Revolutionary new Rundle System. Send $19.95, specify language, or write for free descriptive London Daily Telegraph feature article. Templegate, Dept. C., Box 963, Springfield, Illinois 62705

YOU CAN REACH 400,000 READERS
for only 60¢ per word
Special Introductory Offer
3 insertions for the price of 2
The New Republic's classified section is an effective, economical way to make the unknown known to a large responsive audience. Special introductory offer 3 insertions for the price of 2—only 60¢ per word (with this coupon only).
Please run the enclosed advertisement _____ times in THE NEW REPUBLIC. Advance payment of $_____ is enclosed.
_____
_____
_____
(See frequency rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Wanted

WANTED: FRANK MERRIWELL NOVELS. Any condition. Philip Terzian, 3801 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20008. (202) 362-5943.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Camps

MOWGLIS - East Hebron, N.H. 03232. Established 1903. Quality camping for boys 7-14. OVERNIGHT TRIPS, BACKPACKING, TENNIS, CANOEING, SWIMMING, RIFLERY, ECOLOGY, CRAFTS, DRAMA, MUSIC, CREW. Four or eight week season for 7-9 age group. Season begins June 26. Tel. (603) 744-8095.

Employment Opportunities

STATION MANAGER, PACIFICA-WASHINGTON, D.C. Experienced business person, radio background preferred. Resume: New Republic Box 7030.

TEACHERS-ADMINISTRATORS — Current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.00; Foreign $5.00; EISN, Box 662, Newton, Massachusetts 02162

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1750-N, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

Property - Sale/Rent

ROME, ITALY - 2-room furnished apartment, terrace. $50/week, $120/month. June 20 - Sept. 20. Call (617) 536-9285 or write/call: Annalisa Marzot, via Tremiti 8, 00141 ROMA, phone 89-48-00.

AUTHENTIC NEW HAMPSHIRE SCHOOLHOUSE architect-restored to spacious 3 bedroom treasure. Includes antiques, belfrey, blackboard, enormous franklin stove, brook, birds, mountains. Tennis, golf, boating, neighboring. July, August. Veevers, 9 Watson St., Marblehead, Mass. (617) 631-6350.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 Acre! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2.00. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-SN, Washington, DC 20009.

COLORADO - One acre furnished cottage surrounded by RMNP. Ponderosa grove, roaring stream. Nothing comparable U.S. $59,000. Hughes, 5751 Yorkshire, Detroit, Michigan 48224.

NANTUCKET ISLAND—Contemporary house, newly furnished. Near uncrowded, endless beaches. 6 miles from town. Weekly, monthly. (216) 721-2322

Vacation/Travel

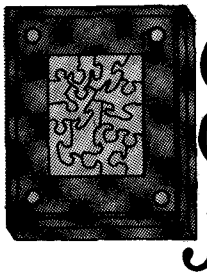
VISIT STATELY AMERICAN HOMES. YEAR 'ROUND HOUSE & GARDEN TOURS, 74 pages. Elizabeth Bewley, Box 9888, Oakland, CA 94613. $2.40 postpaid.

PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD—accommodations right on waterfront. Week, month or season, rooms, suite at *Rosy*, an old inn with extraordinary restaurant, lively bar. 603 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Massachusetts 02657 or call (617) 487-0307.

PUERTO RICO (Dorado). Private home, fronting championship golf, luxury ocean-front hotel. Beach, pools, har-tru tennis. Casino, entertainment. Three bedroom, two bath, central air. Winter $585 weekly. Otherwise $325. Dr. Price, Glengary Road, Croton-on-Hudson, New York 10520 (914) 271-9750.

Arts & Crafts

A TRULY UNIQUE FATHER'S DAY GIFT, GRADS TOO! We split the log, sand, drill free-form tracks, oil and wax it; enclose it in a draw-string carrying bag. A conversation piece-we hope so; living room decor-yep; CRIBBAGE BOARD-indeed. Experience cribbage on oak, cedar, mesquite, or orange tree-your choice. If you have a reverence for handcrafted woods and uniqueness (*no two alike*), please send check or M.O. Two Track/$14.95; Three Track/$16.50; Four Track/$17.95. California Heartwood Products, P.O. Box 149, Dept. 240A, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254



The Copper Puzzle

Pure copper puzzle mounted between Plexiglas and cork with solid brass screws. Mounted size 5" x 7". Each puzzle is original and completely handcrafted. Send $30 for each puzzle to:

thom hickam
809 n. wayne st. #3b
arlington va. 22201

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP, Hanover, Mass. 02339

Sports Equipment

GOLFERS SHAG TEE: Your own portable golf range. Natural practice mat to groove your swing and save your lawn. Gives you the feeling of being on an actual golf course by pitching, chipping or hitting your iron and fairway wood shots right off custom made golf turf. Practice from a rubber tee or tee-up in the turf with a regular tee. Only $14.95 GUARANTEED. Order today. Jussely & Associates, Dept. 10H5, Gilbertville, Iowa 50634

BACKPACKING, SKI TOURING, CAMPING EQUIPMENT. Touring kayak kits, foldboats, accessories. Books, guides. Personalized, rapid service by knowledgable, concerned people. Free catalog. MOOR & MOUNTAIN, Dept 44, 63 Park Street, Andover, Massachusetts 01810

Music

FREE CATALOG! 30% to 50% discount. Any model: guitar, amp, drum, banjo, dobro! Write: Warehouse NR2 Box 11449, Ft. Worth, TX 76109.

SASSMANN HARPSICHORDS. Kastenbau construction. Meticulous craftsmanship. Brochures. Gregoire. Harpsichord Distributors, Charlemont, Mass. 01339.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS—Professional instruments in kit form. Buron Jacks (Patented). Free brochure from Burton Harpsichords, 917 "O" Street, Box 8022N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501

SPERRHAKE 2-MANUAL HARPSICHORD for sale. 6' 9" walnut. Top condition. S.F. Temmer (212) 741-7411 business hours.

DULCIMERS, FRETLESS BANJOS of highest quality craftsmanship and materials. Sunhearth, Roaring Spring, Pennsylvania 16673

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) .....60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year .....55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year .....50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year .....45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year .....40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buy your new 1975 car at low Detroit prices!

Receive a complete computerized cost analysis by return mail.

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

NATIONWIDE PURCHASING (a Detroit based new car broker with an eight year history in automobile consulting and leasing) and COMPUTERIZED CAR COSTS SYSTEM INC. (a service utilizing the most efficient and advanced of all computer techniques) now offer a computerized car cost analysis and purchasing program that you *can't afford not to take advantage of!* Regardless of where you may live outside the Motor City area, C.C.C. will quote you the ACTUAL DEALER COST of the car(s) or light truck(s) of your choice . . . and you pay "as little as $50 above dealers cost and never above $125"* when you decide to buy through NATIONWIDE PURCHASING. Here's all you have to do:

- Once you have decided on the '75 vehicle(s) of your choice, simply fill out the information coupon below. Be sure to indicate make, model and body style.
- Send the completed coupon with the necessary processing fee ($7.95 for one quote, $13.95 for two quotes, $19.95 for three quotes) to C.C.C. at the indicated address.
- By return mail, you will receive the coded computer forms for your specific car(s) or truck(s) These forms carry a complete list of optional equipment, body styles and accessories.
- Check the options you desire and mail the card(s) back to C.C.C.. Within **24 HOURS,** all the data you have provided will be processed by computer and you will receive a quotation indicating the ACTUAL DEALER COST of the vehicles you are interested in.
- Now it is possible to reduce the car dealer's advantage and even the odds in the bargaining process between new car buyer and car dealer. By revealing the dealer's actual cost to you as shown on your computerized print-out, you have the most effective tool available to you for determining a fair profit allowable to the dealer. Walk right past the smokescreen of sticker prices, "special" discounts and high pressure salesmanship. You can get down to serious business instantly . . . and deal knowledgeably with confidence. Your C.C.C. cost anlysis fee will redeem itself hundreds of times over in the savings you will realize.
- If, however, you are immediately satisfied that our price is the best you will find, or if your local dealer declines to meet our low price, you can order your new car through Nationwide and arrange to take delivery through one of Nationwide's cooperating franchised new car dealers in any of the cities as listed on the return coupon.

Mail the coupon below today. You'll be buying your car the smart shopper way . . . knowing all the costs so you're not "taken for a ride" on the price!

INSTRUCTIONS: Please print. Fill in coupon with name, address, etc. Be sure to specify make, model and body style as explained and illustrated on the coupon. You may select up to three models on the coupon. Be sure to make an X in the box showing in what city you wish to take delivery. Please pay by check or money order. Do not send cash.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

Please Check The Box To Show In What City You Wish to Take Delivery

- ☐ Atlanta
- ☐ Boston
- ☐ Chicago
- ☐ Dallas
- ☐ Denver
- ☐ Detroit
- ☐ Los Angeles
- ☐ Miami, Fla.
- ☐ Minneapolis
- ☐ New Orleans
- ☐ New York City
- ☐ Philadelphia
- ☐ Phoenix
- ☐ Pittsburgh
- ☐ St. Louis
- ☐ Salt Lake City
- ☐ Syracuse, N.Y.
- ☐ Wash. D.C.

Nationwide Purchasing reserves the right to offer Detroit delivery in those instances where it does not have a participating dealer in a given city *for a given make.*

1309 | 1 | 8 | 7 | 0 | 5

It will make it possible for you to buy a new car or truck at low prices formerly available only to large fleet and lease company buyers.

COMPUTERIZED CAR COSTS CO.
350 S. KELLOGG AVE., SUITE-S
GOLETA, CALIFORNIA 93017

ENCLOSED IS: _____$7.95 _____$13.95 _____$19.95 for (one, two, three) computerized price quote forms and computer processing. Please enclose an additional 50¢ if you wish air mail service.

Please send check or money order. DO NOT SEND CASH.

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)

(ADDRESS)

(CITY) (STATE) (ZIP)

	MAKE (Write in "Ford," "Chevrolet" or other car or truck make)	MODEL (Write in "LTD," "Impala" or other car model . . . or "pickup," "sport van" or other truck model)	AUTO BODY STYLE OR TRUCK SERIES (Write in "4-door sedan," "2-door hardtop" or other car body style . . . or "F-100," "G-20," "½ ton," "¾ ton," or other truck series)	FOR TRUCKS ONLY (Circle "4" if 4-wheel drive is desired)
1				4
2				4
3				4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED